

THE ANNIVERSARY
IS ALMOST

MARKET TAKEN?

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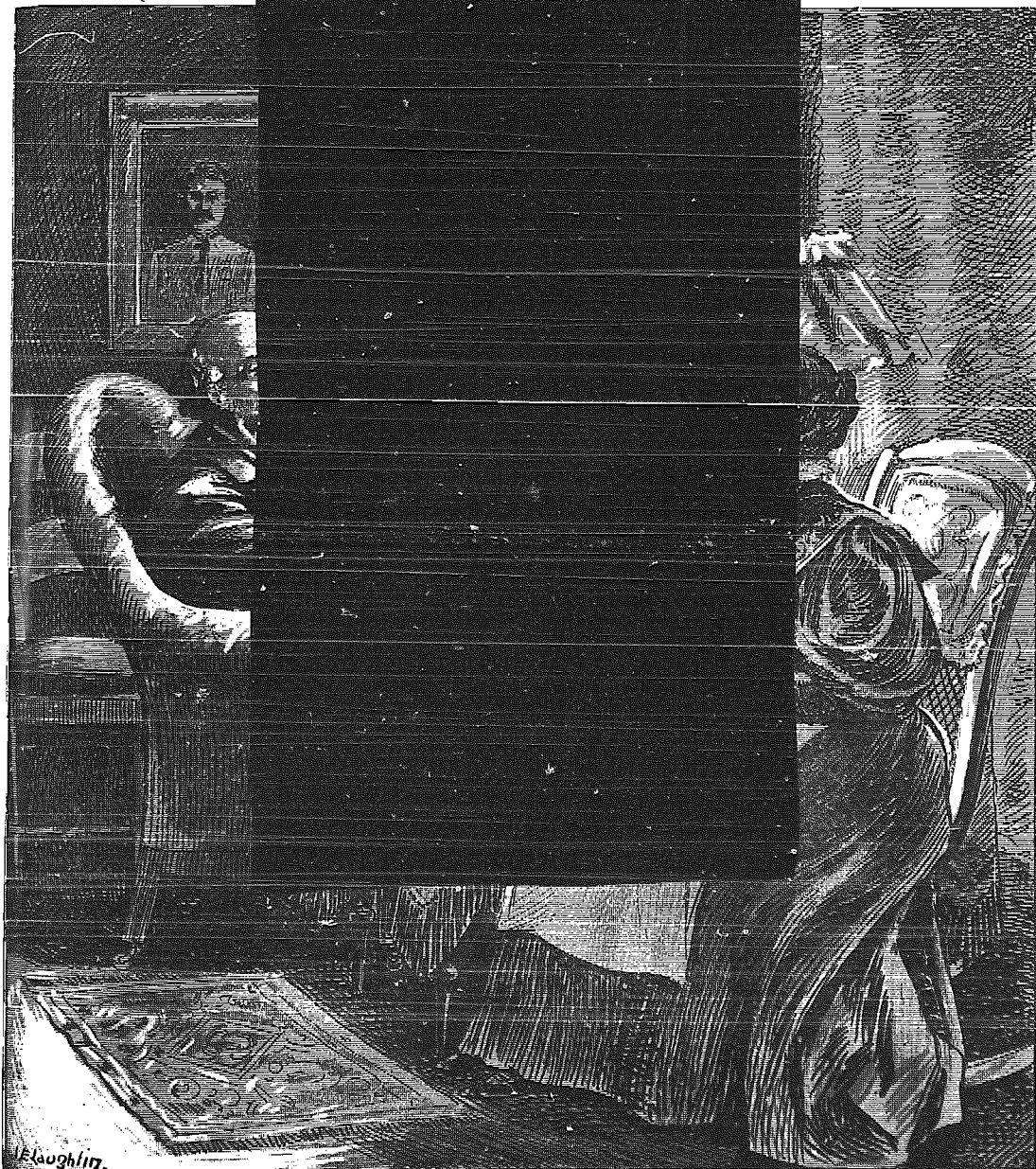
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GAZETTE
AND OFFICIAL

STERN
AMERICA.

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BOOTH [Western America.] PRICE 5 CENTS.



"Our Joe!" exclaimed Farmer Hendricks.

See "Old Folks a Home."

THE OLD FOLKS AT HOME.

A Typical Sketch.

COMFORT was a word writ large upon the parlour of Farmer Hendrick's. It looked up from the warm floor-rug, it sat on the thick cushions of the chairs, it gleamed in the cheerful home-light of the table lamp, and positively danced and cracked in the open fire of wood. Farmer Hendricks and his wife were not at all out of keeping with this general air of repose. There was something distinctly comfortable about their very aspect, which appeared to penetrate the depths of Mrs. Hendrick's work-basket and cause the needles, cotton and scissors to dwell in mirth in their soft-resting place. That was a cheerful parlour for Farmer Hendricks was a prosperous man and could afford decidedly over the necessities of life.

Conspicuous on the pictured wall hung the General's photo, though that the Hendricks were

Methodists, Born and Brod.

was a fact not hidden. A fine photo it was, too, preserved in a large and handsome frame. By the side of this picture hung another of equal size, and in an equally splendid frame. It represented a youth of about 20, attired in the Blood and Fire uniform of a private Soldier. This needed no scroiled inscription, for no one who ever came into the Hendricks' house could have mistaken that picture's identity. "Our Joe!" cracked the dancing fire. "Our Joe!" purred the large tabby in front of it.

"Our Joe" sang Mrs. Hendricks' Needle.

In the pleasant cadence of its stitch, stitch; "Our Joe!" whistled the wind in the chimney to the mother's ear, and "Our Joe!" exclaimed Farmer Hendricks, excitedly, holding up a paper which he had just opened. It was the current issue of the "War Cry," and upon its page looked out the same face as on the wall. Then the needle's song suddenly ceased, for Mrs. Hendricks threw herself upon that paper as if it had been a gold nugget from Klondyke.

"Joe to the very life!" ejaculated Mrs. Hendricks, holding the picture very close—it is not recorded whether she kissed it. "And he's got on the very badge that he wore that night—you remember!" turning to the elder Joe. Her husband nodded, and then there were

Countless Reminiscences to Recall of Joe and Joe's Doings.

It was some minutes before Mrs. Hendrick's needle began to sing again; and then it took up the same old strain.

"To think it's two years since he put that badge on!" she said. "Ah, Joe, but it was the dawning of a new day for us when he came in that night from the Barracks with it pinned on his coat."

"It puzzles me!" said Farmer Hendricks, in his slow way, "how folk can sneer at the Army, which takes hold of naughty boys like our Joe was and turns them into God-fearing credits to parents and home. Our parson had given Joe up he said he had an innate taste—whatever that may be—for drink and bad company. How he did open his eyes when he saw Joe that night in his new uniform!"

The memory reminded Mrs. Hendrick of a painful circumstance.

"I should like him to have remained with us then—you remember, Joe," she said. "It was the first time he had sat there since he was a boy. It seemed strange that God should have wanted him to leave home just when

He was Getting a Comfort to us."

"We fought against it a long time, wife," said the farmer, "but it was God's way, and we couldn't stand out against the boy when he said 'God called him,' could we?"

"No!" murmured the mother, "with the tears glistening behind her spectacles, and I would now that I had never said even one word to hinder. Thank God that He did not let our hesitation make him falter in his determination to do God's will. We little knew how he was going to be used in soul-winning; it's the thought of those precious people whom Joe's brought to God that comforts me when I feel most lonesome. Do you know, Joe, it often seems to me as if God let our boy go instead of us. It's the biggest gift He has asked us for, and after all, his Corps is never too far

away for him to be within call if we should be taken sick sudden—"

An exclamation from the farmer, who had been reading down the page whereon was Joe's photo, interrupted her.

"Listen to this, wife," he said, his voice quivering with emotion. The paragraph read: "Lieutenant Joseph Hendrick's God-given success in Corps' work has well entitled him to his present promotion to the rank of Captain. This advance is the more pleasing at the moment when Headquarters have decided to send the young and promising Officers to the further opportunities of foreign service, selecting South Africa as his future battle-ground."

The tears did more than sparkle in Mrs. Hendrick's eyes now and choke in her husband's voice; they fell fast.

Through them husband and wife looked into each other's faces.

"Wife, it's hard!" whispered the father, "but dare we hold him back?"

And Mrs. Hendricks answered through her tears. "Had he been in sin he would not have been here—now God has saved him, can we refuse him to His work. God has called our Joe—we will not hinder his answer."

So it came that once more an empty chair in the homestead was the reminder of "our missionary," fighting faithfully far away, while those who were left God did not fail to recompense with the blessing which comes only to those who withhold not even their issue from the need of the Lord.

HE HAD TO LET GO.

This was the heading in a contemporary recently announcing the death of a well-known millionaire. After an illness of two months, he died aboard his yacht. If report speaks true, he was the owner of one of the most gorgeous floating palaces ever built. And "yet he had to let go." After all, why not? The pile here and his rider know of no considerations for wealth any more than for poverty. That dread steel runs up as surely at the palace portal as at the cottage door.

He had to let go. Wealth may have supported him in life; the restless waves of society's sea may have buoyed him up, friends equally wealthy had doubtless been his daily associates, and yet he had to let them all go.

If they were all he had to hold to in life, how sad his lot. To be compelled to lose them was to go into eternity empty-handed. What an up-to-date command upon the words of the Apostle: "We brought nothing into this world, and it's certain we can carry nothing out."

You, too, reader, will have to let go whether you will or not. Everything that is of the earth passeth away—home, friends, wife, husband, family, prospects, ambitions—all, all must be let go! THEN HOW WILL YOU STAND BEFORE GOD?

Empty your hands now of all that is of the world, and "lay hold on eternal life." "This is life—eternal that they might know Thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ, Whom Thou hast sent." (John xvii, 3.) "Some unto Me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." "Him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out."

"Nothing in my hands I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling."

IL K.

'Don't Torment Me, Let Me Alone'

Captain Hiscok, writing from The Cove, Nfld., tells the following incident:

While visiting this week, we entered into a house and were hidden to enter upstairs. There upon a bed lay a poor woman dying. We at once spoke to her of her soul's Salvation. "Are you saved?" I asked. "No!" was the answer.

"How Will You Meet Your God?"

We told her we had come to pray with and help her. "I don't want your prayers," she said. We got upon our knees and sang, "Jesus, lover of my soul," and prayed for her poor soul.

Rising from our knees we asked her again: "Are you going to get saved?" "No!" she cried, and her soul passed away.

While talking to her, every now and then she would exclaim "Don't torment me! let me alone!"

Thus it was that the message which would have meant peace and forgiveness and reconciliation with God was rejected at the last moment, and as she had lived she died.

Reader! Except you get converted and are born again of God's Spirit YOU WILL DIE AS YOU LIVE. A sinner in life—a sinner in death; without God in life—in death; a life spent in the darkness of sin with the thine of a guilty conscience—a death-bed in the darkness of hopeless despair, overwhelmed by remorseful memories and the overflowing of the vial of the wrath of God.

SEEK HIM TO-DAY! TO-DAY HE LOVES YOU AND WANTS TO SAVE YOU. TO-MORROW HE MAY BE YOUR JUDGE AND HAVE TO DANN YOU.

Leamington Corps' has just had a visit from Dr. Logan, the saved Indian. The meetings were very attended, the "Prayer" room very favorably upon them. Crowds on the streets were large. A special afternoon meeting brought in \$12.50. Captain Payton is in command of this Corps.

A D.O.'s DOINGS

Around His District.

Over 180 Miles Walked—Six Corps Visited.

BOHAVISTA.—We are having good crowds, souls occasionally, financing hard, but scarce, but more the cry, but believing for a brighter future.

BIRD ISLAND COVE.—The first Corps reached. Lieut. Pugh has things well in hand, and is starting the Band of Love. Since then I hear he has five members. Go on, Lieutenant, you are on right lines.

CATALINA is reckoned one of our hard corps, but Capt. Bennett is a man able to surmount difficulties and trust God for victory. Have faith in God, comrades. "The sun will shine" tho' dark the clouds may be to-day, and "this is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith."

TRINITY.—Next Corps, Capt. Berry and Cadet Higden is here busy working. They have souls most every week since taken hold. I heard the Captain say that he fared better in Trinity than any place he has been yet. (Note)—This is reckoned a hard nut. This expectation has brought a whitewash brush, whitewashed the barracks with it and sold it again for the same price. Good for him. They are believing for greater victories.

M'SGRAVE TOWN.—I spent the week end here. Capt. Bennett is marshalling three warriors. Seven souls knelt at the cross, and we prayed, sang and worked over them for hours, but none yielded. Then on the following Sunday three of them got saved. They still go on to victory. Junior work is small yet, but they are in for an increase.

LARENSVILLE.—Captain England and Lieut. Forward are working hard here. They visit a district of eight miles. The houses are scattered. From Clarence Creek Joe Lilly took me to Robinson Night in his sailing boat. This is the only B. of L. member at C., but I am believing for more.

ROBINSON NIGHT.—Lieut. Fletcher is looking after the spiritual welfare of the people, and teaches the children. He visits two places a week, a distance of seven miles, and holds meetings. I have just received a letter from him, which says since your visit God has blessed us wonderfully. Three souls in the fountain last night and soldiers working hard. The work continues in the future as it has this last few weeks I shall be completely broken up. But it is better to wear out than to rust. Had an enrollment received. H. P. matter determined to reach the target, etc. Go on, comrades, victory lies before you.

Yours helping in the work,
GEO. KENWAY, Ens.

CONFESSION.

IF WE CONFESS OUR SINS HE IS FAITHFUL AND JUST TO FORGIVE US OUR SINS AND TO CLEANSE US FROM ALL UNRIGHTNESS. (1 John, 1, 9.) This is a great and wonderful promise to the sinner from God, who cannot lie. This confession means repentance, of course, and that means that by God's Holy Spirit, your eyes have been open to your guilty and lost state, and your heart is sorrowful on account of sin, and you cry out to God to save you from your sins, and you believe that He does so what He has promised to do, and you go forth to love, trust, and obey this loving Saviour, and you feel His presence and power in your soul, drawing you out to magnify and glorify this Saviour, who has brought you out of darkness into light.

I believe this confession must be to man also, if we have slandered, wronged, or otherwise injured our brother or sister, let us confess to them also, and beg their forgiveness, and make amends for our sin, as we possibly can. I have not much faith in a person's confession that does not do both if they possibly can. And God's Word says, "Confess your faults one to another, and pray one for another." I believe at times, under the right circumstances, there is a great deal of good done by confessing, and opening your heart to some godly man or woman. I believe thousands have been blessed and encouraged and saved by this means, through the grace and power of God, and every man and woman that hears the name of Jesus should not only confess by their lives, but by their tongues also, that others may be brought to the saving knowledge of the truth. In closing, I would say to every man and woman: I hope you will be able to be found if you will seek Him with all your heart. May the Lord bless these few words to His honour and glory!

SECRETARY CASHIN.
Halifax, I.



All About the Help and Enquiry.

WORSE even than the "Death Column," in its astounding unpopularity, which announces shipwrecks, catastrophes and adventures—the names of ships recorded as missing has snipped only too often the thread of hope's life-line and struck with its sickening dread a death-knell to the dearest prospects of thousands. But there are other roads to the region of the lost than that cornered by the sad sea waves, and there are other means of being found than through the agency of cork belt and life-boat apparatus.

Much of the belt of sadness which encircles the world of so many is the result of an uneasy ignorance mingled with a dread foreboding as to the condition of some lost relative or friend. We often hear the expression: "How very small the world is, after all!" but to thousands it has seemed very large—large as years they have lost track entirely of.

Those Once Near and Still Dear.

A few weeks of irregularity in letter-writing, an unnotified change of address, a sickness, or a sin—and the little breach of absence widens into a chasm of separation strange and deep. So hearts are hungry for news that never comes, strained eyes wait vainly for a letter, and for the on-passing postman's knock, and long anxiety spreads silver hair and streaks wrinkles over the sorrowing.

To Bind up Broken Hearts

has long been undeniably the mission of the Salvation Army. Wherever our Flag has gone, it has carried all possible cheer and alleviation to saddened hearts and homes; and although out of the beaten track of ordinary evangelistic work, there could be no hesitation in the endeavor to lift so dark a shadow as that which falls upon families when a missing is the name written over evanescent chair.

It would be no easy task to tell just how the Help and Enquiry endeavor originated. Like all other avenues of Army effort, it grew out of a need and has increased in extent and usefulness year by year, until to-day it spreads over our world-wide organization into every great country of the globe, and has even proceeded as to out of the way and wild spots, where

Its Lantern of Discovery

has paved the way for a reputation well worthy of the color of its name.

The Army is specially suited for work of this character. Its great extent, the willing co-operation of its workers, and perhaps more than all, the vast circulation of its literature, offer special facilities for finding out whereabouts and reuniting friends long absent.

There is never any question of its best interests in taking up an enquiry, owing over time to take up an enquiry, owing to the need of personal investigation—such incidents of helpfulness do but mingle with the details of a Salvationists' life. And the Army's military precision and organizing power puts the machinery for such an effort

Out of the Reach of Much Probable Tangle.

which might otherwise threaten it. The field of the Help and Enquiry is a large one, taking in not only the finding of the lost, but the bringing to justice of the guilty, the defence of the errandless, and the unravelling of many of the mysteries which harass and render hearts unhappy.

So much for the effort in the general; now for a brief glance at what is doing under the wing of the present Territory, having its Headquarters at the Toronto Lifeboat, and its Secretary in the person



of Ensign Edward Fletcher, of the same establishment. There is singular similarity in this location. "For" says Ensign Fletcher, "more than one 'Missing' has been found under this very roof." But

Many Miles of Sea as Well as Land

have, as a rule, to be traversed before the lost is found. Some enquiries are made by quantities of careful correspondence, sometimes by difficult and delicate detective work, but more often is the investigation carried on and the discovery secured through the agency of the War Cry. Ensign Fletcher was at pains to explain to us the other day just how he worked in harmony with the War Cry of the different countries. He showed us

A Sheaf of Enquiries

which had been sent him across the Atlantic from the representative of the work on the other side for insertion in this "Cry," and said that he often had to send on himself numbers of applications to his comrade Secretaries of the Help and Enquiry to follow up clues in other lands. One seems to catch another glimpse of The Army's wonderful internationalism in these long, easy-pulled wires of communication work.

The finding is not always quick work. Here is the case of a man advertised for in 1885, just writing from the United States, saying that he saw the advertisement for himself in Australia, and asking us to put him in touch with his wife, long unheard of.

This Case is Now Two Years Old

but is being worked up with as much energy as if it only happened yesterday.

Emigrant cases predominate in the search-work of this territory. Many of them are men who have come out from the Old Land to seek work, and have, either through wrong-doing, misfortune or sickness, failed to send word home, and thus gradually have slipped behind the indefinite term of "Missing."

Such lost ones have been traced in many cases, and by the good hand of God's blessing, been reunited to their people. Strange paths, though, sometimes it is in these findings. That

Bad News is Better than No news,

gives courage to the Secretary's pen, as, in some cases he has to pass the information that the missing has indeed been found, but in his grave. Then what of the carefully-worded letters that must go to some anxious wife or mother, telling them as gently as possible, that their lost one has been found behind prison bars.



ENSIGN FLETCHER.

But more often the end of those successful enquiries is in the happiest of reunion scenes. What else could be the outcome of such a message as the following, which Ensign Fletcher read us the other day, and which had just been handed in by a gentleman:

"**Tod, I Freely Forgive You. All's Well. Write.**"

And the story which the Ensign told us of the once prodigal boy made not

difficult to imagine what the reply would be.

Sometimes a touch of romance creeps into that Enquiry work. "We found the heir to some property the other day," Ensign Fletcher told us.

When personal detection is to be done, it has to be executed with the utmost care. On these occasions, plain clothes have invariably to be worn, for it is no easy task, for, as some one said the other day, "There are some people who don't want to be found."

Sometimes there is great gratitude—sometimes the Enquiry Secretary seems disposed to ask, "But where are the nine?" Often letters full of the joy of thankfulness reach his office, out of which drop spontaneous little donations. For no charge is compulsory, and the payment to defray expenses of postage is not pressed; for the Army is

The Detective of the Poor.

and once again is seen in its usual form of helping those who have no helper.

The total number of cases which have passed through the Enquiry books of this Territory in 1884, out of which 364 have been found, but, of course, hundreds answer an address given in the advertisement, and do not acquaint Headquarters at all, and thus the latter figure is in reality far less than given.

At the present time the Enquiry work is doing well. Three lost were found before the fifteenth of the month, and applications are close on each other's heels for assistance.

We asked Ensign Fletcher what close connection this work of Enquiry had with his spiritual aims and activity of the Territory. He said that he was incredulous as to the necessity of such a question, considering that the seeking of the lost, the comforting of sad hearts, the bringing to justice of the guilty and the linking of wanderers to home again is a mission well in accordance with the teaching and example of the Good Shepherd. And we think he thought rightly.

DIAMOND DUST.

NOW is the season for our laying up a blessed store in Heaven.

Consider yourself a servant of God sent into the world to bear the Cross, suffer reproach, to love your enemies, and to pray even for murderers.

To question the validity of any one's call whose labors are clearly sanctioned by the broad seal of Heaven is an unwarrantable act of presumption.

Keep this recollection of soul, let nothing bustle the Spirit; be always at His feet.

Oh, what need of keeping up the strife every day! May nothing shakeen out me!

Rush through hell to save a soul from burning.

Never sink with others; it is our greatest glory to stand alone.

Live in entire sanctification—all your heart God's throne.

The work of justification is great, yet the entire renewal of the soul in the image of God is much greater.

Keep your centre; never be divided; never waver; mourn if ever you lose sight of Him. Rejoice in a constant view of Him.

Don't live as most persons do! be not almost, but altogether a Christian.

Too many rest in "sin's forgiven."

No man as a Christian should be found on the same spot of ground two days together.

Keep yourself in the love of God.

In his latest despatch from Brigadier Howell, of Spokane states that his province will fly over their Harvest Festival Target. Bravo, Pacific!

Comrade Mary Boyd, an ex-captain, sends us the following testimony from Kingston: "I love the dear Army and the field work as much as ever. If circumstances would allow, I would be in the field to-day, but I thank God I am a soldier, and am kept by the power of God, Hallelujah!"

I love to read the different corps reports in the Cry, and see that they are having victory. Naturally the places where I have been visiting, I read first, and, reading them, I feel like saying to the soldiers: "Be true, fight on. Victory is sure. God will reward the faithful."

STRANGE! LOVES.

CHAPTER IV.—(Continued).

HIS ENGAGEMENT between Mr. Richard Featherstone and Miss Amos did come to an end; but not altogether in the manner suggested by the former's peremptoriness.

Dick Featherstone, on reflection, was compelled to admit the courage and conscientiousness of Miss Amos, and although he was undoubtedly governed by worldly motives, he felt that he could not entirely disassociate himself from the just and noble motives more attempt to bring his affianced to reason. So on his return home he wrote her a long and what was truly an impassioned appeal to Miss Amos's sense of right and affection.

"How can you," he pleaded, "recollect your pledge to me—formed from as pure a motive as that which is evidently inspiring your present action—with you duty as a Christian? Does true love become less true when it becomes more Christian? Have I changed since we first vowed to study each other's interests as true lovers? If you know more of Christ as I am now, persuaded you do it surely does not follow that you should compromise your relation to me as your future husband? Can't you let the question of The Salvation Army remain in abeyance till you have proved it?"

"Remember that many have been equally warm in their first attachment to it as you are, and to-day they seek refuge in other sects than the Christian Church. Try the Army for myself and am satisfied that, while it accomplishes some good, it is at the cost of the loss of reverence which is the first essential of Christian worship."

"Then, does not the circle in which you and I move need reforming, do not we myself need reforming? What a Christian should be altogether, but together might we not raise the standard of Christian earnestness? At any rate, you must surely be convinced that I cannot miss you without what a halcyon home and be Mrs. Featherstone. That is putting it in the blindest form; but I do so in the hope that the inconsistency of the sight may bring you back to view the future by the standard of a just proportion."

This epistle troubled Miss Amos. There is no doubt about it. For hours she looked uneasy. Principal and pupils missed it. In the French class that afternoon she had more than once to pull her self up.

The fact that the letter incited a doubt about the righteousness of her attitude toward Richard Featherstone. Was the justified in giving him up simply because of this "strange love" as he termed it, for The Salvation Army? She asked it first in the light of a promise, then a duty, and finally as a cross; but the more she studied the question the deeper grew the darkness with which it was surrounded. Miss Amos was staggered. Her love for Dick Featherstone was at least sincere.

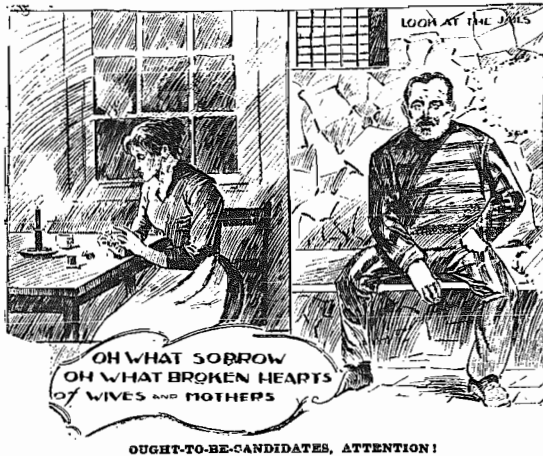
After tea she resolved to forego her lessons and attend The Army meeting that night, in the hope that she might thereby find light.

Fortunately, it was Holiness night, and the meeting was led by a Staff Officer from the Headquarters in London. At first she was somewhat disappointed, as she had almost learned by this time to look up to the head Captain as her spiritual adviser. Now here was a stranger. He would be sure to speak about "The Army's" work, and she would miss that. Her fears were soon dispelled, however. The Staff Officer began by giving out that hymn—

"Now search me and try me, O Lord!
Now, Jesus, give ear to my cry!
See, hopeless I cling to Thy Word,
My soul to my Saviour draws nigh."

"If there is any one here in doubt," he said, "That's me!" Miss Amos soliloquized—"Come to Christ with it. Doubts are dangerous. They darken the counsel of God. They deprive the soul of blessing. They are dangerous because they are plausible. They generally question the need of an entire separation from sin or an unqualified surrender to the will of God. Oh, they buffet faith by trying to make it believe that it is possible to serve God with one hand and mammon with the other. Now, if there is a soul at the commencement of this meeting harassed by any single doubt, then I stand with that man. Let us then, we sing—'My soul to my Saviour draws nigh.'"

"I see it," Miss Amos mused. "I have been debating and discussing this matter with myself. Let me now, and let me sing and sing the last line again, and again, and then the Staff Officer cried, 'Now, then, let us pray!' The passage of Scripture, 'Whosoever is



not of faith is sin," rose to her memory. Light came. The Holy Ghost flooded her heart. The subtlety of Dick Featherstone's reasoning was exposed. She would stand by her first revelation of God's Spirit to her, namely, to take up her cross and follow Christ. She saw the Divine wisdom of the Cross. The suggestion of her lover disrobed Christianity of the cross, and as she chose afresh the path which God had mapped out for her, her spirit was filled with a sweet peace, and when the invitation was given at the close of the meeting, she knelt at the penitent-form—not for victory, but to rejoice over victory gained.

When the collection was counted that night, an engagement ring was discovered in the box. On hearing of Miss Amos' act, Dick Featherstone wrote at once, saying he half expected it. "The next time I hear about you," he sarcastically concluded, "it will be of hawking newspapers in the slums of London. Yours is a strange love."

Richard Featherstone's prophesy came true, for Miss Amos has since entered and passed through the Training School of The Salvation Army. The love of Christ is strange to the worldly-minded.

The End.

MOOSEMIN.

Junior Soldier Sergeant-Major Gamble, Regina, with us for 10 days. Good times; better crowds; greater interest; deeper conviction. Our trust is strong in God.

Captain Jarvis.

Temple.

This Corps was well supplied in the absence of Enoch Alward (on rest) by Major and Mrs. Gaskin, who led the attack all day in good Salvation style. At 11 a.m., the Major gave us a talk on "A reasonable service." One died. Soldier, at the close of meeting, came out for sanctification. We also had with us Major Cousins, of the United States, a former Canadian warrior. He brought over with him Staff-Captain Smith, New York Social work fame. The night meeting was of great interest, as one and another drove home the Truth. Major Gaskin, in his remarks, holding every one's attention.

F. Zuerhorst, Reg. Cor.

A PLEA FOR CANDIDATES.

HELP! HELP! HELP!

Is the everlasting soul-pleasing cry that comes from all quarters of the battlefield. We hear it on the street, in the barracks, at the Railway Station, about the train; and so where you will, the cry is still ringing in our ears, until we are driven to desperation, and it haunts us like a Ghost in the midnight hour.

Never perhaps in all the history of the world was there a more awful, pressing, demanding need of holy, consecrated, devoted men and women, who have got eyes to see, ears to hear, and hearts to feel than at the present time.

It is quite true, my Comrades, the needs of the human race are many and varied, there's not a day nor an hour passes by but what we see or hear of some one being in need. But has not a kind, loving Providence made ample provision for these needs to be met? Let us mention one or two just here:

You remember in your Town, or perhaps in your home, when that loved one was stricken down with that dreadful disease, and lay so low, the skilful physician, was called in; he examined the patient, prescribed the medicine, and with great care your loved one was restored to health and strength again.

The Need is Met.

Yonder on the coast is a ship wrecked. The winds are howling through her rigging, the seas are breaking over her threatening every moment to break her into pieces, and sweep all on board into a watery grave. The cry for help reaches the ear of the life-boat crew, and without a moment's hesitation, the lifeboat is launched into the boiling surf, manned by a crew of brave-hearted sailors, and with the seas breaking over them, they make for the wreck at the risk of their own lives. The wreck is reached, and all on board—men, women and children, are safely landed on the beach.

The Need is Met.

In the quiet, solemn midnight watches, when all are wrapped in slumber, the bells pull forth their piercing cries, and send

forth the alarm of fire. The crowd gathers, and surges to and fro with excitement. The smoke and flames are seething from the doors and windows, when, to the horror of the crowd, a child appears in the top window, and cries for "help." The brave firemen are on the spot! Up goes the ladders, and one of them volunteers to scale the beams and go to the rescue. He mounts the ladder and the cheers of the crowd, and he goes up! up! up! Encouraged and inspired by the prolonged cheers of the excited crowd below, he reaches the window, rescues the child, and lands it safely in the arms of an anxious, loving mother.

The Need is Met.

Now, my Comrades, these are only two or three of the many and various needs of mankind, which call forth our practical help and sympathy, and to which thousands of our brave-hearted men are devoting their lives.

Another Need.

Ten thousand times greater and more important, far more pressing, pressing and demanding, yet untaken.

THE RESCUING OF SOULS.

Stop! Stop! Stop!

Open your eyes! see the sin and iniquity abounding as a mighty torrent! Go to the saloons, gambling dens, dance halls, theatres, and see the mighty throng! The rich and poor, the high and low, the young and old, the black and white, all carried on the bosom of this mighty torrent of sin, driven to the dark abode of the damned, to the Prisons, Jails, Asylums, Police Courts, and see the consequences of sin! Go to the drunkard's home! see the wretched, poverty and starvation! — the poor, broken-hearted wife and half-starved, half-frozen children! Look at it until you cannot see it any longer for weeping.

Open your ears! listen to the tramp! tramp! tramp of the ragged army of drunkards, harlots, blasphemers, seafaring, empty professors, Christ-robbers, back-biters and sinners of all kinds as they march on: on! on! on! down the path of sin.

Hear the groans and cries for deliverance coming up from the mighty throng of slaves, who are bound by their chains of habit, appetite, desire and lust! Hear! Hear! Listen again, my Comrades! There is another cry—it comes from the dark, black region of despair! It is the cry of a lost soul, pleading and beseeching you to go and warn his brethren lost. He should come to this place to torment also.

Now, my Comrade, after reading out these few, disconnected sentences, let me ask you: What are you doing to fill the gap, and stop the cry for help?

I beseech you, in the name of my bleeding, dying Lord, to rise up! come out of your homes! come out of your saloons and gambling dens! bid goodbye to father and mother brothers and sisters, homes and habits; buckle on the whole armour, and take your place in the front of the fight, and go forward to save the lost.

Your Christ demands it! His poor, suffering, dying humanity demands it! His groans and tears of blood, wrung out at the heart of many a poor wife and mother demand it!

The call for help from the organization to which you belong demands it! Will you do it? and will you do it now?

Have you heard the wall of weeping? Have you seen the fearful weeping? Of a soul that sinks below? Rouse, then, who by Christ are freed! Feed, old and young, the hungry great need! To save the lost like Him who saved you.

Forward speed!

Yours seeking the lost, Adjutant Archibald Turner, Reg. Cor.

R. GAGE, Staff-Captain.

BABES IN CHRIST.

By H. E. C. PRATT.

Warm from the mother's heart love flows eth sweet.

Her little one to greet:
So God's great heart of love leans yearningly
O'er such frail things as we.

And as the babe lies naked—wallowing—

Life from her breasts to seek,
So, God, I have not anything but Thee,
And what Thou givest me.

Thou at my walling camest from afar,
Sleeping from star to star
For rescue of my soul: and veth such heed,
I have whate'er I need.

Nay, but I yield! Forsaken and forlorn—
A feeble thing new-born
Clings to Thy bosom! Saviour, I am Thine;
Least of the flock Divine.

Yet naught have I but from Thy stores is lent;

Shelter or nourishment:
The dawn of my birth, the living stream, are Thine;
Fair flowers, and stars that shine.

A little strength I draw from out Thy milk.

A ray from God's great light:
A tiny grain of reason and of will,
For choice of good or ill.

Dear Lord! And shall Thy love incarnate be?

To woe my love to Thee: I grieve—
And shall I rather choose some demon
Refusing to be best?

Hallelujah Wedding at Ridgetown.

Oh, yes, it's quite true that we have just been having big times here of late. Our latest attraction, has been in the shape of a wedding. Brother Emphiraham, thinking it about time to get a partner, spoke his mind to Sister —, but what she said on the matter I'm not in the habit of repeating. Sister never must have been O. K., for it was not long after that Staff-Captain Turner left his pen-driving for a day or two, and took a trip to Ridgetown to see the capital. A good crowd attended the wedding, which went off without a hitch, excepting that just as the Staff-Captain was asking the all-important questions, viz., "Will thou," etc., all lights went out. The bride and groom stood on behalf of the married folks, while Lieutenant Heaton spoke on behalf of the —, well, guess if you can. After the meeting, about a hundred sat down to a good feed. The bride and groom left at midnight for Toronto. Captain Cockerill, C. O. worked hard to make it a success.

SKIPPER.

WEST ONTARIO WAR STEPS.

Two Days' Special Meetings at London Led by Major and Mrs. Southall, Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Turner and Fifty Officers.

SPLENDID OFFICERS' COUNCILS—THE MODERN PRODIGAL—DEDICATION OF MARINE BAND—ROCKY MOUNTAIN OUTRIDERS—A DISTINCT HIT.

THE Salvation Army, quick as ever to seize local opportunity in the interests of the war, in London, has just held a very interesting and profitable series of special meetings during the week of the Great Western Fair. Major and Mrs. Southall have been to the front, assisted by Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Turner, and a number of other city and visiting officers.

The meetings on Sunday were of a very instructive nature, the Major's talk on "Pharaoh and the Plagues," in the Holiness Meeting, being specially pointed and convincing, as evidenced by the eager, precious men and women who knelt at the pentent form. In Victoria Park, in the afternoon, a large crowd was in attendance, and the proceedings were much appreciated, including the collection, which amounted to over \$5. At night, in the Citadel, the Major commanded the attention of the audience by a most powerful appeal on behalf of the Kingdom of Christ. His vivid description of the charge of a British regiment in the Russian war, and the subsequent application to the Salvation Army roll-call, was most effective. There was excellent attention, and doubtless many present will reap eternal benefit. Mrs. Southall most ably assisted with her words of counsel and advice, and the London corps have just reason to feel thankful for the day spent in company with our Provincial Leaders.



MAJOR SOUTHALL.



MRS. MAJOR SOUTHALL.

MONDAY, 19th—Upwards of 50 officers had arrived to take part in the three-days' meetings, and councils, which had been named as one of the special features of the Western Fair, Monday night. Note the announcement "Thrilling Adventure," by two returned Rocky Mountain outriders, Adit. Arkett and Capt. Jarvis were

The Stars of the Evening.

Talk about hair-breadth escapes. Ask these comrades to relate their experience the first time they are your way. It was very entertaining whilst

and drew out the sympathies of all. Staff-Capt. Cowan and Capt. Collier also gave us some spicy bits from real warfare.

The march preceding the meeting was very novel, two mounted outriders, Bicycle Brigade, Women's League and Lifelong Socialist evolution, which all went to divert the crowd from many of the empty things surrounding them, and turn their attention, if only for a time, to the great S.A.

Tuesday morning was devoted chiefly to a business council, led by our worthy P.O., Major Southall.

Many hours of vital interest were thrashed out and schemes and plans adopted for the furtherance of the war.

On Tuesday evening one of

The Most Striking Object Lessons Ever Placed on a Salvation Army Platform

was given in the barracks.

The drama was entitled "The Modern Prodigal." The first scene represented Charley telling his mother and sister that he intended leaving home and going away to the Far West to search for gold. The father enters, and a stormy scene ensues. Charley rushes from his home, crying, "Oh, I cannot stand this," and leaves his mother and sister weeping alone.

Scene II.—Seen Charley in a saloon in the West amongst a lot of drinking companions. He and some others are soon playing a friendly game of cards," which really proves to be gambling for money. He loses all his money, and in a fit of despondency draws his revolver and fires at the winner. His victim falls to the ground, and Charley throws up his hands and cries, "I didn't mean to do it!" The police rush in and capture the would-be assassin.

Scene III.—Opens with a court room scene. A hush falls upon the audience. Crown Attorney Staff-Capt. Turner and lawyer for the defence, Jno. Merritt. The Judge, Major Southall, and the court clerk Adit. Hughes; the police, the pale prisoner in the dock, with manacled hands, formed a very thrilling picture, as the charge was read out. The evidence was then given by two witnesses, Mr. Muldoon, the proprietor of the saloon, and Sam Slick, a foolish fellow, who gives his evidence in rather a rambling manner, yet with sufficient truth to weigh quite heavily with the Crown counsel.

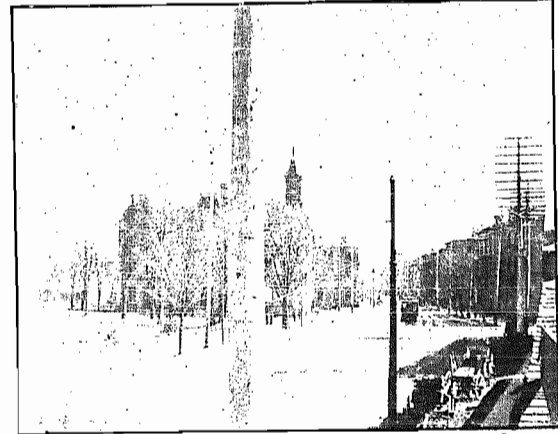
The Judge gives the sentence: three years in the State prison.

Scene IV.—Is a very sad one. The prisoner being the hater in his cell, wearing his chained hands in agony, and wishing he had taken his poor mother's advice. He is just bemoaning that he has no friends, when two young ladies call at the jail to see the prisoner. They encourage him to get right with God, and tell him the S.A. will be his friends. One of the ladies sings a song to cheer him. The words of the chorus are:

"Will you return? Will you return to the Shepherd and the fold? He will welcome you though you've been a wanderer, On the mountains bare and cold."

Scene V.—The street scene was illustrative of the Army work. Charley's term of imprisonment has expired. His chums of the barroom meet him with temptation, but he adheres to his purpose, and, as the open-air meeting is going on, and the invitation given, he kneels at the drum and gives himself to God. The closing scene was very touching, as he arrives home and is received in the arms of his loving mother, after an absence of ten years. It finished with the soldiers' meeting at the house to give him a welcome home.

One of the side scenes was very funny. Sam Slick is tempted by his chum to go and have a drink. His spiritual adviser had threatened him that if he drank any more he would turn him into a pig. He refuses the drink for some time, but finally consents to take it, if his chum would make him a promise. "When you see my ears growing short and long whiskers coming on my face, and you see



LONDON, Ont.

me growing smaller and smaller, promise me, now, as a dying man, you'll watch the cat, won't you?" Needless to say, this brought down the house.

Major Southall stepped to the front and asked if there was a poor prodigal there who would come to Jesus. Here's one old man, answered a poor brother, and threw himself, all

Soaked with Liquor, yet Writing in Agony Over His Sins.

down at the Saviour's feet. "I have grasped Jesus this time, I do believe," he cried, and we closed a glorious time, rejoicing together with the angels in Heaven, over one sinner that repented. Praise God!

A. D. E.

Wednesday morning's Council started at 10 o'clock. The Major took part of the grand times the Commissioner was having down East, and it was proposed and carried that a message should be sent pledging love, loyalty and good wishes to our beloved leader. The U.S. war was then gone into, and every branch of its work thrashed out most nobly by the Major.

Every officer left the council resolved that something more definite must be done for the salvation of the children.



CAPT. MOUNTENAY,
Cashier West Ontario Province.

Wednesday afternoon's council commenced at 2.30. "Oh, What a Christ Have I," was taken up with more enthusiastically than ever, in fact

The Major Said it was Superb,

and he is, of course, a judge. Evidently, you would have thought so had you seen him in the meeting the previous night, dressed in a long black gown. The Major then read to us the 63rd Psalm, dwelling principally on the first verse, "Oh, God! Thou art my God!"

Our work, he said, was not all officers' meetings, where we could meet together and have happy times, but there was the black and difficult side of it. Our work tells more than our testimony, and when we are tried we show what kind of metal we are made of. David, in his sorrow, when delivered by his son Abimelech, and forsaken by his Prime Minister and chief

supporters, departs into the desert to pray. In faith we saw how all may fail, but God shall never. David was prepared to live in the lonely desert, and have the smile of God than to have his palace without Him. The Major went on to show that we may be forsaken by the world, our friends and even the professed church of God, which in some degree makes us lonely. Yet the Grace of God is sufficient.

Staff Capt. Turner said he felt he had not much to say, but before he got through managed to say much to bless and please.

Adit. Hughes gave us a brief account of how he got along in his first corps as captain. The first knees-drill

He was There Alone.

and the last 49 were present. "Oh, the Peace My Saviour Giver" was sung heartily, and waves of blessing seemed to flood every soul.

Mrs. Southall said she longed that by her life she might help along the work in the W.O.P., and would strive to be a blessing to every officer.

Mrs. Turner prayed that God might in very truth help us to be faithful in bringing the lost world to Himself. The council was then brought to a close, and we left the room determined that the war should go on by leaps and bounds in the W.O.P.

At night the Marine Band was dedicated for special work, to travel the length and breadth of Western Ontario, playing Salvation music, singing Salvation songs and praying and fighting for the salvation of sinners. We believe that the band will prove a source of great blessing to the different corps and stations they visit. Edwain Wiggins is band manager, while Capt. Keeler is musical director. God speed the Marine Band.

UNITY.

WALTER ARCHIBALD, Adjutant.

THE THREAD ATTENTIVENESS does not possess strength, but when properly multiplied will make the strongest cable.

The single drop of water is not a force, unite the drops into the spring or fountain-head and the force originated keeps flowing into the brooklet, thence to the river, which bears on this force to the ocean; when the waves are billows high, who can stay the power of the deep? So are we, comrades, as an Army united.

At the bombardment of Alexandria, at a given signal, the whole fleet in action fired simultaneously on a fort of the enemy; when the waves and billows rolled to the ships. The result was, this united effort accomplished more than any single effort could do, for the entire fort was overthrown. We can bring a united action on the enemy from our corps, down comes hell's kingdom every time.

If we unite every power and utilize our system, there is no question as to the result. Unity is force, and it takes force to carry the fort.

Gunpowder has three ingredients, each perfectly harmless; yet unite the elements, and you have the force of explosion. Saltpetre, sulphur, and charcoal. We may find much more force in the spiritual sense within our hand in our various corps. Let us unite the elements and blow the devil to atoms. Does he not richly deserve it?

GAZETTE.

APPOINTMENTS—

BRIGADIER MARGETTS, to be Territorial Secretary.
ADJUTANT HAY, Junior Secretary Central Ontario Province, to Fenelon Falls.

PROMOTION—

LIEUT. HAYMAN, of Hillsboro, N. B., to be Captain.
LIEUT. WELSH, of Gravenhurst, to be Captain at Stroud.
LIEUT. BURTON, of Hamilton II., to be Captain.
LIEUT. WHITE, of Toronto Social, to be Captain at Brampton.
LIEUT. KERR, Toronto Rescue Home, to be Captain.

MARRIAGE—

At Montreal, on Sept. 18th, by Brigadier Sharp, Adj. Thos. Combs, of Montreal I., to Adj. Etta Mitchell, last stationed at Cobourg.

EVANGELINE ROOTH,
Field Commissioner.

CONTINUED CONQUESTS
IN THE EAST.THE
Field Commissioner

Entrails Tremendous Throats at Digby,
Yarmouth, Windsor and Halifax—Over
One Hundred Souls Already Captured.

YARMOUTH, Sept. 14th.

Grand triumphant finish up Commissioner's meetings. St. John last night. Nine souls; making total 52 in three days. God upheld the Commissioner. Noon-day meeting Digby, to-day, Methodist Church nearly filled. Strong men wept. Great excitement, Yarmouth.

MAJOR PUGMIRE.

YARMOUTH, Sept. 17th.

Opera House full two nights. Magnificent meetings. People in tears. Audience captivated. Commissioner full of the Spirit. Expressions of love from soldiers, friends, unqualified. The Mayor and leading citizens present all meetings. Numbers followed Commissioner home. Victory! Eleven souls. \$130.

MAJOR PUGMIRE.

HALIFAX, Sept. 19th.

Meeting Methodist Church, Windsor, marvellous time. Commissioner swayed crowds. Kindness people wonderful. Thirteen souls. 552. Crowd station Commissioner's departure. Meeting Halifax excelled everything. Academy Music afternoon and night crowded. Night tremendous reception. Mighty conviction. 25 souls and \$150 for day. Opinion of all finest meetings held in city under the Flag. The world for God!

MAJOR PUGMIRE.



their hands and weeping. "They both acknowledged that they were so 'wicked' and 'sinful,' and this is the substance of one's testimony: 'O, my Heavenly Father, I thank Thee, I am saved now.' 'I will be faithful,' and the other's, 'I was sinful and bad, but I know I am saved now.' As she finished talking another junior ran across and kissed her. Two of the juniors testified in this meeting. They were the children of Brother Lawrence, who says that all his family were going to Heaven and 'pulling one way now.' His tiny boy kept things moving by clapping his hands. God bless the dear children and lead them to the fold.

Chilly were the blasts that swept through the trees of the grove used by the corps for open-air. So cold was it that we had to go back to the barracks, not, however, till we had put in burning songs and words for Jesus. Then inside we had a talk with the soldiers on 'temptation.' It was a profitable afternoon. The soldiers' council and night meeting were equally good.

PRY.

COSMOPOLITAN
PERSONALIA.

Major Blanche Cox has opened Clinton, Mass.
Consul Booth-Tucker has accepted an invitation to attend the Convention of the W. C. T. U. at Buffalo.

Major Blanche B. Cox has paid a visit to our New York Headquarters. She reports great progress in Western Massachusetts.

Commander Booth-Tucker has left New York to meet the Citizens' Committee at San Francisco upon his Colonization scheme of California.

Commander Booth-Tucker, as so often combining salvation campaigning with colonization prospecting in the West, is now on tour.

Sir Fowell Buxton, the Governor of South Australia, 'phoned the Commissioner to visit him at his vice-regal

residence in Melbourne. The interview was a pleasant one.

Lieut.-Col. Keppel is quite an adept with his camera. The front page of the 'Frisco Cry is the work, composed of pictures which he took while in the Old Country of the Hatfield Farm Colony.

Mr. Herbert Booth had a pleasing interview with Lady Victoria Buxton at the Government House, Adelaide. Her Ladyship endorsed her sympathy by the substantial gift of \$250 towards the Army's social work.

After a long and trying illness, the beloved little daughter of Brigadier and Mrs. Cox, Edith-in-Chief, over the border, has gone home. She was laid to rest on the beautiful hillside of Sunny Orange by the Chief Secretary.

Lieutenant-Colonel Perry's marching orders from the New York Headquarters will come as a surprise to many. His long and faithful service, together with that of Mrs. Perry on the American battlefield, has endeared him to every Comrade.

Commissioner Combs has his own particular plan for conducting Harvest Festival Concessions. His armour-bearers describe it as a supply of fire for powder and shot—aiming at getting all his Officers into tip-top spiritual condition, at the same time organizing the special effort.



Colonel Badde forms the character sketch of this week's English Cry. There is a good picture of this old Canadian warrior.

The Cape Town rinkeries have been continued earnest by the Salvationists of that City. Splendid crowds gathered, and souls were saved at the opening Campaign, led by Commissioner and Mrs. Hildsell.

MIXTURES

Look out for picture of West Ontario's Marine Band.

Capt. A. Rowan will contribute an article for the War Cry shortly.

Adjutant Hay is holding on at Fenelon Falls until the anniversary meeting.

There is a possibility of a Central Ontario Staff Officer being transferred to the West.

Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Minnie paid a flying visit to St. Catharines on property business.

The Mercury also had in the same issue a friendly summary of Ensign and Mrs. Wakefield's stay.

The well-known evangelistic singer, Mr. Manton Smith, is the cousin of Adj. Manton, the Veteran of the Temple.

"Great gatherings, gorged meetings; Souls in every place" is Major Pugmire's summary of the Field Commissioners' Campaign down East.

The unique four-day campaign run by Major Southall in London was a fine success. The Salvation drama created a fine impression.

Brigadier Margetts is one of the earliest among the arrivals at Headquarters in the mornings. The Brigadier says that the early hours are the best for work.

Major Southall is physically run down, consequent on the tremendous whirl of night and day work he has been engaged in since his advent to West Ontario.

Last month's Monitor, the provincial magazine of Central Ontario, was chiefly made up while Brigadier Read and Adjutant Stanton were flying on an outward bound train.

Regular Correspondent E. M. Archer, of Listowel, thus concludes a letter: "May the Lord bless you all and continue to make the Cry a blessing to everyone who reads it, as it is and has been to me."

"The last issue of the War Cry, the official Salvation Army organ, contains a nice little write-up of the Royal Artillery, illustrated with a number of very good cuts of Army workers and sympathizers and public buildings"—Guelph Mercury.

Captain A. Rowan is absent from East Ontario Headquarters on far-fought through ill-health. She says: "It certainly is the greatest cross of my life to be away from the Salvation Army, but I am sure that I can now bow without choice to God's will. He knoweth best."

"Surely," says Brigadier Read, "there need be no lawful impediment in the way of any officer securing a return ticket to the Queen City for the anniversary for single fare and 10 cents." The Brigadier seems to have the marriage service much on mind, and no wonder, seeing that it is so much in evidence.

A Christian soldier (not a member of our ranks), discussing Christianity with a (heathen) soldier, passed the following remark: "If you really want to see life amongst the servants of God, you must go to the Salvationists. In our camp the joy of the Lord beams in the countenances of the men who are in the Salvation Army."

"Joe the Turk—the only and original," says our New York contemporary, "all the way from Armenia, via the penitentiary at San Francisco—has sat in Washington's chair at Marine Headquarters for some time at this historic place. The staff handsman desire to know whether he played 'One More River to Cross.'"

Lippincott Street Corps (Toronto), was visited by a whole host of Headquarters officers on Sunday, including Mrs. Brigadier Margetts, Mrs. Major Gaskin, Staff-Captain and Mrs. Hargrave, Adjutant Manton, Ensigns Kenning, Ogilvie, Fletcher, Captain Nellie Townsend, Captain Dick Griffiths and Lieutenant Arthur Morris. The meetings were conducted by the editor of the War Cry.

"The Salvation Army Citadel was literally packed last night when the five-act drama, 'The Modern Prodigal,' was given. It was a powerful object lesson and every eye was deeply moved. Special scenery had been prepared, and the Salvationists were amply repaid for their trouble by the large attendance. The newly dedicated Marine Band will be dedicated for the service."—London News, Sept. 18.

WAR CRY

THE COMMISSIONER SETS THE
FACE.

THE soul saving significance of the Field Commissioner's Eastern tour appeals to the heart of every warrior of the Flag. Already more than a hundred souls now have set their seal to the quickening influence of the meetings held, and faith stretches out to the conclusion of the campaign for the winning of many more. This is a glorious start for our winter war, and one which will not only enthrust this particular Province, but strike through the whole territory the inspiration of a great faith and holy daring to end the coming months fruitful with definite salvation successes. With the first chill breath that retards the progress of out-door excitements and recreations, there opens up to the fighter for God and souls a season of additional opportunity, especially beneath his own roof-tree. Let every officer unite in zealous endeavor to make his meetings not only the best up-to-date in point of attraction and audience, but continually resultful in the ingathering of a spiritual winter harvest.

LATEST FROM LONDON.

(From Our Special Correspondent.)

FOUR days' campaign. Splendid success. Sunday Holiness Meeting lasted till 2 o'clock. Nine seeking blessing and salvation all day. Outriders and unique marches electrify Western Fair visitors. Drama—"Modern Prodigal"—in five acts, created profound impression. Marine Band went down like oysters. Officers Councils A1. Officers enthusiastic over financial schemes and various phases of Junior work. Universal adoption of "Emergency Fund" advocated. "Ole Ark's A-Moverin'" Hallelujah!

Brigadier Read at Dovercourt.

CHILDREN AT THE CROSS—HIGH
TIMES.

(Special.)

Just a few hours after the Brigadier arrived from his tour in the Barrie District, he hied off to the northern limits of the Queen City, there to lead the Dovercourt warriors for the Sunday and Monday, Sept. 19th and 20th, bunking with Captain Lewis on the Saturday night, the P.O. was ready for the fray at 7 a.m. His seeking, sincere Salvationists asked for power and received it. A beautiful incident took place at the close of the Holiness Meeting. One man deliberately came to the Cross for deliverance from a disobedient, careless spirit. Then two young girls, aged about 12 years each, hurried out, burying their faces in



TERRITORIAL THEMES.

BY THE TERRITORIAL SECRETARY.

We are evidently in for a very remarkable series of meetings in Toronto, from October 11 to 17, preparations for which are about completed.

The records of the run of glorious meetings conducted by the Commission in the East will have welled out our spirits after apathy and made our spirits keen with anticipation for even greater triumphs this way.

A few people I know are already practically counting the hours for their commencement, anxious as they are to once more listen to the powerful teachings of the Field Commissioner, to the touching songs of "Willie," "Dot" or "Pearl," or "no wild" over the musical exercises of the youngsters in large numbers.

The West Ontario Marine Band and the Peterboro Brass Band have signified their intention of being present, to whom we bid a hearty welcome.

The music of the sleigh bell is great. We have already heard one or two renderings, and by the time October 14th has reached us, Ensign Kenning will have got his Junior band made capable of causing a few surprises in this direction. Nor will Major Gaskin and his juniors be behind with bar bells, dumbbells, etc.

But what is music without God? and what is the Salvation Army without salvation? We expect about everything else to see a glorious flow of the latter, and to feel an overpowering consciousness of the presence of the former. Who, in the Person of the Holy Ghost, shall slay sin, defeat the devil, bless His own, and build up His Kingdom through the campaign.

Ridgeway is going in for an Army barracks and officers' quarters all its own. St. Catharines is also bent on building a new senior barracks, while Ligar Street troops are bravely battling along in noble effort to add to their cosy hall a home for the juniors.

Mrs. Minnerts and self have spent a Sunday at the Farm, which, by the way, is looking delightful. It was a

fair treat to talk to and worship with those dear men, so free from criticism, stiffness or reserve.

Adj. and Mrs. Clark, who for many years have so faithfully fought "neath the flag in the land of the Maple Leaf, have been transferred to Uncle Sam's domain, and are now in charge of Seattle Shelter. Others are on the way. Are you ready?

A copy of "The Local Officer," the latest literary production of the S.A., has been placed in the writer's hands. Without doubt this monthly periodical is calculated to be of immense service in enlightening our locals to the "manner of men they should be," the kind of spirit they should possess and the class of work they should be successful in accomplishing. It is also destined to do a great deal in fostering and strengthening the "world-wide" unity of our locals throughout the universe, are you a subscriber? No local should be without a copy.

This reminds me, there is a publication, too, for "officers only." Do you read it? It is called "The Officer," which, you gave it the opportunity, will keep you posted in all the sciences of Salvation Army warfare.

Col. Jacobs, our worthy Chief Secretary, are we delighted to say, is gradually gaining physical strength, and although it will be some time before he is strong enough to again dash in to the fray, his prospects of doing so sooner or later are much more promising.

Capt. Townsend has safely arrived in Toronto from the Old Land, and ere this is in the hands of our readers, will have been prominently promoted to the staff. Congratulations and God's blessings.

Major McMillan, writes the Field Commissioner, in glowing terms of the prosperity of the work in both the senior and junior branches in "this Newfoundland of ours." The Major and Mrs. McMillan have been visiting the Bonavista and Greenspond Districts, taking with them their little Norman, who captivated the hearts of the people with his singing and his asking them to come to Jesus. That's the style, Major. J.E.M.



INTERESTING ITEMS

Count Louis de Louze, of Bulgaria, is travelling in Manitoba, as advertising agent for Washburn's circus.

A tramp who was being pursued by two men, threw himself over a cliff a distance of 100 feet, and was seen to make off apparently unhurt.

A great sensation has been caused in Austrian Court circles by the announcement of the marriage of the archduke Franz Ferdinand, heir-presumptive to the Throne of Austria Hungary, to the daughter of a Mine Manager. The bride is a former housekeeper of Herr Krupp, the great manufacturer of Essen, where she met the Archduke.

A Russian dentist at length solved the problem of supplying false teeth which will grow into the gums as firmly as natural ones. The teeth are made of gutta percha, porcelain, or metal, as the case may be. At the root of the tooth holes are placed, and also in the jaw. The teeth are placed in the cavity, and in a short time a sort granulated growth finds its way from the jaw into the holes of the tooth. This growth gradually hardens and holds the tooth in position.

WORLD'S TELEGRAPHIC SYSTEM.

The total length of the world's telegraphic system has now reached 4,983,921 miles, exclusive of 180,480 miles of submarine cables. Of these Europe has 1,751,730 miles; Asia, 390,685 miles; Africa, 99,419 miles; Australia, 217,475 miles, and America, 2,565,548 miles. United States Consul General, who sends these figures to the State Department from Zurich, says that notwithstanding the enormous increase in the building of telegraph lines all over Europe, America leads the world, and has almost double the European mileage.



The King of Siam, with the French President, witnessed a review of the French troops recently.

A Milk Trust has assumed control of Greater New York, and has announced purely benevolent intentions.

Reports from the great gold district tell of salmon selling at Dawson City at \$10 each, one selling as high as \$20.

The Viceroy of Ireland, Earl Cadogan, has issued a statement to the effect that the reports of famine prospects in Ireland are unjustifiable.

News has been received of the loss of the whaler, "Newarch." It is thought that 29 men have perished in the Arctic snows. Only eight rescued.

There is a scarcity of "cents" in Toronto, caused by the 15,000 "Sporth Leaguers" who carried off about 20,000 of the extra coins as souvenirs.

An attempt has been made to assassinate President Diaz in the City of Mexico. The man, who was unsuccessful, was promptly arrested and has since been lynched.

The British gunboats, while reconnoitering the coast of Northern Ireland, sighted a force of 1500 Dorsetshire Infantry and cavalry on the left bank near Damin. The enemy retired when fired on.

The new Bishop of Bristol, England, is a newspaper man by profession. He was a regular contributor to the Pall Mall Gazette, and Mr. Greenwood, and also wrote for the magazines.

The detectives are well on the track of the recent Napanee safe robbery. It is believed that the burglars were busy six weeks at work upon the combination of the vault before they accomplished their purpose.

The operations of the troops under General Younghusband in Northern India against the revolting tribesmen have been entirely successful. The enemy seems to show no signs of desire to encounter the British troops in force.

Reports from Labrador speak of the complete failure of the cod fishery. Hundreds of vessels are returning bringing accounts of exceptionally poor fishing. Widespread destitution among the fishermen is expected during the winter.

A miner, who has spent five years in the Yukon District, says there is more danger to be feared from cold than from starvation in Klondike. When he was at Dawson City, there were not over 100 houses, while there were 3,000 people there.

The great miners' strike has at last ended. It is estimated that the cost of the strike amounted to from \$5,000,000 to \$10,000,000. The number of miners lost about \$2,250,000 in wages. The resolution to resume work was carried with a rush.

The Paris correspondent of the Daily News says: "It is an open secret that France and Russia have come to an understanding in London, by entering into a military alliance with Germany to the exclusion of the other Powers."

The Queen has decided that the gifts and addresses received by Her Majesty upon the occasion of her Diamond Jubilee should be placed on exhibition in the Imperial Institute, London, in October. One-half of the proceeds will be given to the Prince of Wales' Hospital Fund.

Mr. William Mather, an ex-member of the House of Commons and manager of the London Great Eastern Railway Works, has written to the Employers' Federation and Amalgamated Society of Engineers, making proposals to end the great strike in the engineering trades, which has been in progress for over twelve months. The proposal has since been rejected by the employers.

In the assault on the garrison of Fort Gullistan, Northern India, a most gallant defence was made. Again and again the tribesmen were repulsed at the point of the bayonet. One valiant sergeant, with 16 Sikhs, charged into the midst of 300 tribesmen and captured three standards. Another native captain with two Sikhs, dashed to the rescue, and was severely wounded on their way through the enemy and brought him safely into the fort. The garrisons were at their posts for 30 consecutive hours. The women of the garrison attended the wounded under an unceasing heavy fire. The casualties of the British forces were two men killed and 38 wounded.

October 18th, 19th, 20th and 21st are the dates for the sale on behalf of funds for the maintenance of the Charity Home, Memorial Headquarters.

Plated Wagonette, with "Social Farm produce" printed in large letters around the top, conveys our goods to and from the Social Farm in Africandale Land.

The Boston Workmen's Hotel is full every night. Since the additional accommodation, 124 men can be taken nightly; but such does not meet the full need.

The people of Kansas City have done nobly in supporting our Fresh Air Camp at Fairmount Park. It has been crowded continually with poor women and sickly babies.

Brigadier Wilmer had to be hauled in and out the side of a ship in a wicker basket on a recent tour, which he says "was a new experience, although slightly apostrophe."

Salvation Army effort in the Argentine trouble has had to combat lately with the adverse circumstances occasioned by the assassination of President Berol, at Monte Video.

The hair of Staff-Captain Smith, our devoted and plucky Zulu District Officer, they tell us, still whitens, but he is showing glorious success, and does not care for such a detail.

All the men in one of the rooms at the Symonds Town Military Barracks, South Africa, are converted. A multiplication of these rules would revolutionize the soldiers of the Queen's Army.

A man who only a short time ago left our African Social Farm, sent the Officer £2.50 out of his first wages, which we presume is a thank offering, with an uncollected promise of more to follow.

An American, just concluding his studies for the Ministry in Berlin, told one of our Officers that he had been making careful inspection of our German work, without acquiescing in our officers. How many eyes are continually being bent upon our doings!

The Chief Constable of a London Slum stood around one of our open-airs in the great Metropolis. Said he to the Captain: "I believe in the Salvation Army, for nothing to a Soldier's Mission has done for that man what hand-rod and Police Court fines could never do."

Mrs. Commissioner Ridsdale does her tours on a thorough pattern. On a recent visit to one town, she not only held a successful open-air, and afterwards furnished by a school-house, led her minister, but visited next day in every house in that place, and secured something like \$150 for the Rescue Work.

That was a good idea of a certain Mr. Heyman, the prominent Chemist of Johannesburg, when he proposed keeping Dr. Heyman by a school-house, led her minister, but visited next day in every house in that place, and secured something like \$150 for the Rescue Work.

A record-breaking Labor Day Demonstration was conducted in Prohibition Park by the American Commanders. The united march-past was composed of 1,200 Salvationists. Souls were saved. Auxiliaries enrolled. Officers and Soldiers set on fire, and a victory march to the Central Camp meetings, which have been throughout a spiritual as well as a financial success.

An official invitation has been received at New York Headquarters from the Mayor and Council of Birmingham for Commander and Consul both-Tucker to conduct meetings in the Opera House of that City, volunteering at the same time to accept responsibility for securing the meetings' expense. The Commanders will deliver a lecture on "Bible efforts on Sunday, October 10th, the Mayor presiding.

In one of Commissioner Rees' meetings in the Old Country held at the world-famous Corps of Orlinham L. the Commissioner paused in the early part of the meeting, and asked if there was a volunteer for Salvation. A man seated inside the door, with a baby on his knee, got up, walked over to where his wife was sitting, across the aisle, placed the child in her lap, and marched to the penitentiary. He had scarcely reached there when a big collar on the other side of the building threw up both his arms,

The Spanish War Department is concentrating 6,000 troops as reinforcements for the Spanish Army in Cuba.

Fell Asleep in a Railway Train

AND
AWOKE WITH JESUS.

How Salvation Army Officers Live and Die in India.

THE ASSISTING COMMISSIONER of the big Northern Indian Railway, Captain Lord Australia, in 1896, I met Staff-Captain H. B. A. Steven, who I learn from the latest Indian War Cry to hand has been called with startling suddenness to "the presence with the Lord."

He was a well-educated Irishman, peculiarly clean and neat in his personal appearance, a Bible-studying Salvationist of the beautifully sincere type, who stood by his convictions when it cost him something to do so. He showed the reality, too, of his religion by a universally kind and cordial demeanour in the every-day details of life, so that those who formed his acquaintance, felt drawn to respect and love him in proportion as they knew the inside track of his life.

If "no man liveth or dieth to himself," then the effect of such a life and death as his must tell. For this reason I am making the following extracts from the human notice of him written up by Major Hira Singh in "India's Cry":

Colonel Musa Jhal had just returned from a brief visit to the Telugus, and had been recounting as usual, his experience, when a telegram came as a bomb upon us. "Staff-Captain Steven found dead in a train."

The Staff-Captain seemed well, ate heartily, merrily, seemed rather tired, a not unusual thing for Salvationists. He had just returned from a village engagement, and started about mid-day by train for Coevada. Several friends at the stations on the way spoke to him, and he seemed quite cheerful and well. At about 2 o'clock he was apparently sleeping and was heard to groan by two native fellow passengers, who upon going to him, found that already the silver cord had been loosed, and so suddenly, so quietly, the summons had come. The afternoon was very close and hot, and heat apoplexy, as the doctors afterward told us, was the cause of death. The train had by this time reached the Godavari River ferry, the Superintendent of which was a friend, and knew our Comrade well, and upon him the sad duty fell of wiring the news, which came as a veritable bolt from the blue, to poor Mrs. Steven, who happened to be nearly alone at Coevada. Imagination can only faintly portray the sadness of the ride by train back to Ramnampally, where the Staff-Captain lay, and where kind friends providentially raised up, did all that could be done of the last sad offices. Almost benumbed by the blow, with all Salvation Comrades out of reach, the sorrowing wife saw her beloved one buried, the Lutheran missionaries of the place coming kindly to our help in making all needful arrangements.

Staff-Captain Steven was first and last a real Salvationist, and that from deep-seated principle. When far back in '86 he first met with our Lord, he left all to join The Army. It was no passing fancy of emotion that led him. He felt in all he saw and heard the leading voice of God—bright earthly prospects were around him, congenial friends and work were his, the blessing of a pledged and dearly-loved help-mate cheered him; and as he lost his mind around them all when it came to following the voice of his Lord, he said and wrote these striking words in his diary:

"I can afford to lose anything, but I cannot afford to disobey God."—And so Lord took him back to him, leaving left his farm, his friends, his reputation, and all but his promised wife—because he had grasped the grand principles that underlie our Salvation Army. And he gave himself to carry them out, with a devotion and constancy that eleven years' successful and consistent warfare testify to.

Again, our Comrade was a MAN OF PRAYER. At 4.30 or 5 a.m., morning by morning, alike in the biting raw cold of an English winter, or the unpleasantly modified heat of an Indian "hot weather," was at prayer. In 1896, he was his Bible and pouring out his heart for the people ever ever his first of morning duties. And all day and every day he walked very early in the morning, the most faithful, busy, commendable, stretching ever to more fully carry out the will of God, in a useful and blessing-giving life. And it almost seems to me, that so the Lord could take Captain Steven, his generation needed his garments girt, his soul living in the Fountain and for others—and so "he was not, for God took him."

Then in number 10, dear brother's life may teach us a lesson. The value of time was ever pressing on him, and led

to the greatest method in all he did. His time was planned out—lessons in language, Bible study, business, domestic duty, each had its share, and he was ever looking out that none of the precious minutes should be wasted.

Another feature we may note, if our space allows us, was our Comrade's love for India. Ever since, nearly four years ago, he was asked if willing to go to India, it has seemed that a great yearning to work here has possessed his heart. From Australia he went to London, but afterwards was appointed for two years in Manchester, where at last about a short year ago.

"Orders for India"

sent him dancing round the room. From that time his soul has gone out daily for our dear millions, and since he was appointed to the Telugus, they have occupied his heart—he has thought—schemed—dreamed—studied—prayed—told—of—and—crowning privilege of all—did for them. God raise us up more like him, to fill his sadly empty place.

A Montreal Marriage.

Adjts. Coombs and Mitchell United by Brigadier Sharp.

The writer was asked to write up a report on the great wedding, which has taken place at Montreal, but feels sure he cannot do justice to the occasion. But he'll try his best. Without doubt it was a bounding success, and from all accounts one of the best that Montreal has seen for a long, long time. Tom Elliott, when asked how the crowd was inside, said, "We don't know where to put them."

They Squeezed in Somewhere.

Our nice new hall had been gaily de-

corated with flags and bunting kindly borrowed and sent by the Soldiers, together with some nice plants lent by a kind-hearted French-Canadian, which made the platform look tasty.

Defeating Volava.

Telegrams were read from Brigadier Margrets on behalf of the Commissioner, Adjutant Stanton and wife, Ensign Sims and others; then the happy event closed amidst showers of rice, for which Montreal is noted.

The newly-married man got a good bouncin', Brother Tom Virtue, from the point, taking part. A wedding supper was prepared by Adjutant Holman, at the Rescued Home, when some fifteen or twenty officers sat down. Of course, Captain Jack Wilson, of Lighthouse fame, did justice to the good things. At the close, a speech or two was made by such notables as Ensign Burrows, and a solo by Captain Milson, together with a few kind words by Staff-Captain Hawlings.

The Soldiers gave a wedding gift of about fifteen dollars between them, and the Postman and Expressman brought some nice presents.

The bands of marriage are published at the Hollows Meeting three Sundays following, (the same as the old French custom) as the laws of Quebec differ from Ontario. Captain Bloss was the "Parsen," and Adjutant Coombs was the "Bride." "It is alright when you get used to it," he said.

ONE OF THE PARTY.

Lucie Michel, the famous Anarchist, will not be allowed to land in the United States when she attempts to make her proposed visit.



THE WEDDING PARTY.

Adjutant and Mrs. Coombs, Captains Holman and Bloss, with Brigadier Sharp, who officiated.

JOCK: A SINNERS' STORY.

It was after an unusually heavy snow that Jock it wended his way aimlessly down one of the streets of a large town in Scotland. The bleak, icy wind, accompanied by fast falling rain did not tend to make matters any the more pleasant.

Jock was Miserable,

tired of his folly and wondering how this would end after all. Just then he heard the sound of voices singing cheerily.

Strange, thought he, this is hardly the night to make one sing. Then the boom of a drum was heard, and turning in the direction from whence the sound came, Jock saw a few Salvationists marching in single file, singing as they went:

We are bound for the land of the pure and the holy
The home of the happy, the Kingdom of Love;
Ye wanderers from God on the broad road of folly,
Oh, say, will you go to the Eden above?

Jock had never seen the Army before, although he had heard it spoken of very frequently by his brother, who was a Godly man.

"Will You Go?" the voice questioned

again, and Jock followed the procession, scarce knowing what he was doing, until at last he reached the place that served as a barracks, and, going in, took a seat at the back of the building.

If one were to judge by numbers,

then that the meeting would certainly have been dubbed a failure. With the exception of Jock and the six Salvationists there was scarcely another soul in the building.



"Will You Go?"

The meeting proceeded, and as the songs and testimonies followed each other, Jock could not but contrast their joy and happiness with his own misery and disappointment. Jock bowed his head in his hands, and soon words of counsel spoken by his godly brother were brought back to mind, and, smarting under the sense of the emptiness and worthlessness of his past life, Jock wished it could end. Just then a hand was placed on his shoulder and a kindly voice spoke to him, pleading with him to make God his choice, and to do it now.

Jock Escorted.

He wanted to be good. He hated the habits that chained him, and longed to be free from their bondage. He heard the prayers ascending to God on his behalf, and, as he looked into the earnest face of the captain, his heart melted, and, rising to his feet, he sobbed his way to the pentent form, where he sought and found pardon for his sins.

Jock was a happy man after this and lost no time in giving evidence of the change which had been wrought within him. He became a soldier, and after some months of fighting, God called him to separate himself from home and friends that he might devote his life to God's work in the salvation of souls and the extension of His Kingdom. Jock obeyed, and is today a tried and successful Field Officer.

How many there are, who, like Jock, have heard the invitation and in whose ears has rung the question, "Will You Go to the Eden Above?" and who have longed, aye, and determined that they would go, but, alas, to-day finds them "not yet started."

Still Desiring to be Good, and Yet Continuing to do Evil—

determining to tread the road that leads to Heaven on earth and Heaven hereafter, and yet whose feet are still crying down the broad way with the many who tread thereon, resolving to cease their sinful habits and break away from chains that bind them all too securely, and yet by their daily actions and words are but forging greater and stronger fetters that only all human effort to break asunder.

To such a one we must say, not those desires and intentions and resolutions

Into Action.

cease to do evil, ask God to help you, claim His promise of "grace" sufficient to turn your back upon sin and sinful companions and associations, set out in the strength of God for that Eden that Jock heard of and for years has journeyed towards.

When you have committed a wrong you may think you have done with the sin, but the sin has not done with you.

Look Out for Next Week's Cry!

A NEW PICTURE OF THE FIELD COMMISSIONER, with Band of Love Article from her pen.

NOTES ON COMING COUNCILS, by the Field Commissioner.

ILLUSTRATED REPORT OF EAST-ERN CAMPAIGN.

NEW SERIAL STORY: The Severe of the Lord and the Salvation ARMY.

BRIEF BLESSINGS.

The only true progress is progress in truth.

A luckless life is a worthless life.

The Lord has more lovers of His crown than of His cross.

Be saved by grace or you will be lost in disgrace.

The way to rise in Christ's estimation is to sink in your own estimation.

There is a way to keep out of hell, but there is no way to get out of it.

Never be ashamed of the Gospel and never be a shame to the Gospel.

Goodness is great gain, but great gain is not always the result of goodness.

If you possess Christ in your heart, mind you confess Christ in your life.

You can go anywhere with Jesus, but you can't take Jesus with you anywhere.

The company we choose to keep in this world we shall probably have to keep in the next world.

God can hear the heart without the mouth, but He will never hear the mouth without the heart.

Most of the shadows that cross our path are caused by our standing in our own light.

BIVOUAC BITS.

In a place in Scotland a minister, to lighten the Gospel burden to those who seldom entered a church, began preaching in the streets. One day he was preaching on the beauty of goodness, and invited sinners to find happiness in the practice of virtue. From the crowd came up a voice, saying: "Oh, man, your rappe's me lang enough for the like of us." The man then said in their degraded condition some power was needed that could reach down to the very depths to lift them up.

The famous missionary, Mr. Schauffler, was once talking at Constantinople with the Russian Minister, Bonch-Bruyevich. The latter declared: "My master, the Czar, will never allow Protestantism to set its foot in Turkey!"

To which the Christian made emphatic reply:

"Your Excellency, the Kingdom of Christ, who is my Master, will never ask the Czar of All the Russias where it may set its foot."

A man dreamed that he was trying to build for himself a temple to commemorate his name. He wanted a whole temple to himself, and an angel came to show him one that was a model of beauty. But there was a stone missing from its peak, and the man asked the angel where it was.

"There has never been one there," replied the angel. "We intended to place you there, but you say that you want a whole temple to yourself, and so the place will be filled by someone else. But you will never have your spiritual temple."

Then the man, aroused by his fears, started up from his sleep, crying:

"Oh, God, put me in your temple! Put me in, even though I can be but a chink-stone!"

A poor Scotchwoman lay dying, and her husband sat by her bedside. After a time the wife took the husband's hand and said:

"John, we're goin' to part. I have been a rude wife to you, haven't I?"

John thought a moment and said:

"Weel, just middling like, Jenny, you know," anxious not to say too much.

Again the wife spoke:

"John," she said faintly, "ye maun promise to bury me in the auld kirkyard at Str'nyon, beside my mother."

I could na rest in peace among unco' folk in the dirt and smoke o' Glasgow."

"Weel, weel, Jenny, my woman," said John, soothingly, "we'll just try ye in Glasgie first, an' gin ye dinna be quiet we'll try ye in Str'nyon."

A North Dakotan Triumph.

The Doctor and the Editor Keep the Harvest Festival.

We have just closed our Harvest Festival at the Grand Forks Course, and I am glad to find that, after all, it was a success. We have realized \$100, which will be \$25 over our target, and \$75 in advance of last year. Our rate on Monday night was most generous, and the goods attracted great prices and found many buyers.

Dr. Church Acted in the Capacity of Auctioneer.

and kept things lively. The Gleaners took well, Captain Jackson, representing Paul Flowers, Lieut. Barrager, The Burdened Gleaner, and Sister Gunderson Stubble.

Our good friend, Editor Wood, of the Grand Forks Plaindealer, kept the Festival well, and will be a regular almost daily, God bless him.

We are now preparing for a big time on the days of the great Street Fair, which is to be held in the city on September 29th and 30th and October 1st. Major Collier is announced to lead on a very special series of meetings.

A. GOODWIN, Adjt.

The following cutting is from The Plaindealer:

HARVEST HOME.

A Grand Festival Being Prepared by the Salvation Army.

To-night the Harvest Home Festival, for which the Local Salvation Army Corps has been busily preparing for some time, will begin. A very liberal response has been made to the requests of the members for donations and a goodly display of field and garden products, as well as a variety of other articles, has been received. The work of decorating the hall for the occasion is fully completed, and the huge room presents a very attractive appearance. Grasses and flowers and fern leaves have been used in a variety of pleasing combinations, and garden vegetables hang in graceful festoons about the room. A handsome motto, bearing the appropriate inscription, "Give Us This Day Our Daily Bread," hangs just over the speaker's platform, the letters being formed of heads of wheat skillfully arranged. Miniature sheaves of wheat surmount the motto, and add greatly to its appearance. A splendid array of vegetables is displayed on the platform. One of the striking features of the large portrait of General Booth, which hangs on the wall framed in wheat heads. The noble head and clear-cut features of the head of the Army are shown to great advantage.

Services appropriate to the occasion will begin to-night, and continue for the succeeding three nights, closing Tuesday night. On Monday evening an auction sale will be held, at which the articles donated will be disposed of to the highest bidder. In addition to grains and vegetables, there will be sold a goodly array of other articles, including fancy wares, baked goods, etc., and it is hoped that the sale will be well attended, and that liberal prices will be paid for the goods sold. The Army is an institution which is accomplishing a great deal of good, and it is worthy of liberal patronage.

SPOKANE SECURES

A Spacious New Residence—Brigadier Howell Conducts Capitalizing Meetings.

Spokane Corps was much in need of a new hall. For some months the fight had been going on in a basement, and a very stuffy one at that. Ensign Walton and her Aide said some very hard things to the basement. Adjt. Langley did (very much so). Mrs. Brigadier Howell looked supreme contempt at the very mention of the place, while Mrs. Staff-Capt. Watson betrayed

Strong Signs of Enmity

to it. Now, the Brigadier happens to be within ear-shot of this gang of anti-basementites, and, of course, he—well, explanation is unnecessary just at this point. It is sufficient to state that one fine morning he might have been seen looking anxiously into the window of a vacant store, until a gleam of satisfaction crossed his count-

enance as he whispered, "The very thing."

Combining, lumber, paint brushes, overalls and a few individuals who had a mind to work, made things interesting for a while round that way, and on Saturday, Sept. 11th, a bright, cheery hall was opened to the door with a real happy, well-satisfied crowd. Brigadier Howell was in charge, and from Saturday till Tuesday the meetings were

A Rattling Success.

In the first place, there was a good turn-out of soldiers to every meeting. Sunday night's march being the best in Spokane for a long time. Immense crowds gathered round in the open air and listened attentively to "The Old, Old Story." The results were good, Sunday's meetings finishing with eleven souls for pardon and cleansing. To God be the glory!

The auction sale on Monday and Tuesday was all O.K. Some tall selling was done by the Brigadier, and your humble servant and good fellows followed. The coffee and cake that realized was good. "Uncle Jack" is "out of sight" at coffee-making and telling yarns about the war. And him tell one to-day that a chicken that was caught after having been chased by the Rebels and the boys in blue and the colored folks down South that certainly took the "bunkery" for tough chicken stories. Great man is "Uncle Jack"!

The New Hall Move

is pronounced by all who have been in it as one in the right direction. Much interest has been manifested in the meetings by the local press, and, altogether, things are humming along nicely out in this beautiful, up-to-date, go-ahead Western city.

J. BARR.

Livingston, Mont.

We are on the winning side. We are for victory in this place. Good crowds at the speaker meetings and we are sure to win, for we fight in the strength of our King—M. A. Watt, Ensign.

Rossland, B.C.

Praise God for victory in this place. We welcome to our midst Ensign Woodruff, and Captain Wilkie. We gave them a hearty welcome to Rossland. Sunday at eleven o'clock our dear man came out and got himself saved. He is going to be a Blood-and-Fire Soldier. On Tuesday another came forward. Ice-Cream Social was a success. Big crowds at speaker. Believing for the week ahead, soldiers are determined to fight on.

R. Toesdale.

The North-West.

Winnipeg.

Good times yesterday. Finished up with two souls in the Fountain. Hallelujah! Victory is sure!—Treffort.

Wabpeton, N.D.

All alive here. Hallelujah! Last Sunday, two in the Fountain; left their sins there, and now are free. Ensign Smith and good soldiers and good fellows. We are getting there O. K. Target \$50, \$55.00 at least. All this time. Good-by.—Wilkins, Swets, Tracey & Co.

Edmonton.

We were all quite surprised at the sudden and mysterious resurrection of Sergeant-Major Kelly, who has been away all summer. Everybody is delighted at the familiar strains of his well-mastered violin, as they softly float upon the air. Hope you'll stay here now, Jim! Harvest Festival all the go! Yours being obedient—H. Kreiger, Cor.

P. S.—Captain Perkins' health has given away again, so we're fighting on under the able leadership of Lieutenant Graham.

Devil's Lake, N.D.

STANDING BY THE TATTERED COLORS.

Praise God! We are still marching on to victory in spite of the fact. Since last report the devil, through the mean notions of an individual, has been trying to unset our peace by breaking in our hall, and tearing our flag and breaking in our drum-beat. Of course this caused quite a talk and has, I believe, only gained for us greater and deeper sympathy from the people. The first night when we were out with our colors flying, and the result was a crowded hall. The Lord gained a glorious victory on Sunday, by one soul receiving liberty from us. As our next Harvest Festival is just now, and we are trying to go beyond our Target. Keep a close watch. Yours standing by the flag—Lizzie Guiney, Captain for E. Hayes, Ensign.

Eastern Province.

Newcastle.

The Officers, accompanied by Treasurer Wright and Warden, made a visit on Monday night. Harvest Festival is now on the board, and of course we don't intend doing anything else but smash target all to pieces.—It. C.

Pictou.

The Lord is with us. Six souls have sought and found the Saviour during the past week. Hallelujah! One young woman who was in bed sick for a while and gave her heart to the Lord during our visiting her. Yours in Him, Annie Jackson, Maggie Melick.

Kentville, N.S.

We are still working away here, and although we have not had souls saved, yet in other ways God has given us victory.—Captain Moors and Cudlett Hebb.

Springhill, N.S.

The fight is hard in Springhill, yet God is with us. The majority of the converts who got saved a few weeks ago are now in the ranks in the singular and take their stand for God. A sister got saved on Sunday night, after being a backslider for nine years. She was in the open-air last night, and tested. We have had a visit from Staff-Captain Gage, and Little Flo, which we all enjoyed very much. Captain Green and Lieutenant Winchester also paid us a visit. Adm. Noyes has arranged to help all the old Christ along. We give God all the glory for every victory won. Hallelujah!—M. Crichton, Ensign.

Yarmouth.

The special Harvest Festival meetings Sunday were a success. In the 10:15 meeting one comrade came to God for a clean heart. In the afternoon some of the officers were in the singular and Brother and Sister Smith's little one, Percy Herbert, was dedicated to God and the Army. One lad, with whom God has been striving some time, got thoroughly saved at night.—A. Y. L.

While storekeepers were discharging the steamer "Tower Hill" at Glasgow they discovered the body of a young man buried in the grain on board. Nothing was found on the body to show whose it was, but it is supposed the man was carried into the hold from the grain elevator at Glasgow.

The North American flag ship "Tonawanda" arrived in Halifax, after experiencing terrific weather crossing the ocean, the decks being swept repeatedly by the seas. Admiral Fisher has sent an invitation to Lord and Lady Aberdeen and Premier Laurier to be his guests during their stay here. Exhibition week, and to remain on board the "Tonawanda."

COMING EVENTS.

G. B. M. Agents' Appointments

The Provincial Agents will visit, with Graphophone, and conduct special meetings at following places:

ENNSIGN McKENZIE, NORTH-WEST—Prince Albert, Sept. 29-30; Oct. 1-2-3; Carberry, Oct. 5-6; Winnipeg, Oct. 7-8; Selkirk, Oct. 9-10; Port William, Oct. 12; Port Arthur, Oct. 13-14.

ENNSIGN SIMS, EAST ONTARIO—Chester, Oct. 1-2-3; Kew Beach, Oct. 4-5; Ottawa, Oct. 6-7; Amherst, Oct. 8-9; Renfrew, Oct. 9; Pembroke, Oct. 11-12; Renfrew, Oct. 13; P. H. Oct. 14.

ENNSIGN PHIBBS, EASTERN P. V.—Vancouver, Oct. 5-6; New Glasgow, Sept. 29; Westville, Oct. 1; Stellarton, Oct. 2-3; Pictou, Oct. 4; Charlottetown, Oct. 5-6; Summerside, Oct. 7.

CAPTAIN CUMMINGS, CENTRAL ONT.—Perry Sound, Oct. 1-2-3; Huntsville, Oct. 4-5; Brantford, Oct. 6-7; Gravenhurst, Oct. 8-9-10; Orillia, Oct. 11-12; Coldwater, Oct. 13-14; Barrie, Oct. 15-16-17.

Proposed Tour of the MARINE BAND in West Ontario Province.

Calcedonia, Friday, Oct. 1; Brantford, Saturday, Oct. 2; Sunday, Oct. 3; Paris, Monday, Oct. 4; Drumbo, Tuesday, Oct. 5; Ayr, Wednesday, Oct. 6; Galt, Thursday, Oct. 7; Lyndon, Friday, Oct. 8; Hamilton, Saturday, Oct. 9; Sunday, Oct. 10; Oakville, Monday, Oct. 11; Toronto, Tuesday, Oct. 12; Wednesday, 13; Thursday, 14; Weston, Friday, 15; Brampton, Saturday, Oct. 16; Sunday, 17; Georgetown, Monday, Oct. 18; Acton, Tuesday, Oct. 19; Rockton, Wednesday, Oct. 20; Guelph, Thursday, Oct. 21; Hespeler, Friday, Oct. 22; Berlin, Saturday, Oct. 23; Sunday, 24.



HONOR ROLL.

Lieut. Cowan, Halifax I.	152
Mrs. Adj. Dowell, Windsor, Ont.	145
Lt. Dora, Pictou, Ont.	12
Cadet Extrane, Winnipeg	115
Capt. McKay, Rat Portage (av. 2 w.)	119
Mrs. Ensign Fraser, New Glasgow (av. 2 weeks)	105
Mrs. Moore, Victoria, B. C.	109
Cadet Burlog, Winnipeg	101
Lieut. Dickens, Prescott	99
Mrs. Beales, Temple	96
Lt. McNamney, St. Albans, Vt.	71
Ensign Scudger, St. Albans, Vt.	71
Capt. Perry, New Glasgow (av. 2 w.)	70
Lt. Sleeth, Pembroke	60
Sergt. Mrs. Crane, Fredericton	61
Sergt. Mrs. Barber, Kingston	61
Lt. Meeks, Peterborough	62
Annie Downey, Kingston	59
Cadet Woodworth, Winnipeg	58
Carrie Conrad, Halifax I.	55
Mrs. Simmons, Kingston	57
Mrs. Beatty, Fredericton	55
Sergt. Brass, Hamilton I.	55
Mrs. Scott, Guelph	55
Cadet Cook, St. John's, Nfld.	52
Sis. Joseph McQuinn, Temple	50
Mary Shuster, Berlin	49
Bro. Johnson, Hamilton I.	50
Lt. Bacon, Montreal I.	50
Mrs. Law, Victoria, B. C.	49
Adlt. Alkenhead, Halifax I.	49
Capt. Hill, Montreal I.	49
Capt. Campbell, Halifax I.	48
Sergt. Perkins, Barre, Vt.	47
Capt. Green, Campbellford	45
Sergt. Mrs. Collins, St. John I., N. B.	44
Capt. Primrose, Prescott	44
Father Dixon, Temple	42
Mrs. Dawson, Guelph	41
Capt. French, Peterborough	41
Lt. Bloss, Yorkville (av. 2 weeks)	40
Mrs. Ensign Wynn, North Bay	40
Capt. Sloe, Berlin	40
Cadet Neworth, St. John's, Nfld.	40
Sister Matamor, Victoria	40
Cadet Caseman, Lisgar Street (av. 2 weeks)	40
Capt. Banks, Nanapan	39
Lieut. Gross, Nanapan	39
Blanche Ferguson, Halifax I.	38
Sis. McCusker, Hamilton I.	35
Sergt. Mrs. Bowers, Lisgar Street	34
Mrs. Moore, Dovercourt	34
Cadet Hodgson, Lisgar Street (av. 2 weeks)	32
Cadet Studler, Riverdale	31
Sergt. Howell, Riverdale	31
Cadet Galus, Victoria	31
Clara Hillard, Berlin	30
Capt. Burton, Hamilton I.	30
Mrs. Harvey, Riverdale	29
Mary J. Suddard, Kingston	29
Mrs. Capt. Green, Campbellford	27
Capt. Hart, Temple	27
Julia Ash, St. John V., N. B.	25
Cadet Scott, Guelph	25
Emily Salzman, North Bay	25
May Donovany, Fredericton	25
U. Montgomerie, Winnipeg	25
E. Robinson, Trenton	25
Bro. Case, Hamilton I.	25
Sergt. Liston, St. John's Nfld.	25
Capt. Melkie, Chesterville	25
Lt. McFarlane, Chesterville	25
Mrs. Crawford, Guelph	25
Sergt. Vende, Barre, Vt.	25
Mrs. Wilcox, Montreal I.	25
Mrs. Capt. Conte, Trenton	25
Capt. Conte, Trenton	25
Cadet Hart, St. John's, N. B.	25
Sergt. Mrs. Stickleb, Lisgar Street	25
Sergt. Stevens, Riverdale	25
Mrs. Jubile, Pictou, Ont.	25
Mrs. Greene, Peterborough	25
Mrs. Bradbeer, North Bay	25

of Prescott, and Mrs. Beals, of the Temple, being the only representatives. The eighties are away, giving place to that well matched pair, Stagers and McNamney, of St. Albans, Vt.

Sergt. Mrs. Crane, of Fredericton, and Sergt. Mrs. Barber, of Kingston, are evenly together, but one behind Sleeth, of Pembroke.

The fifties look up well together, there being some well-known names among them.

Mrs. Scott, of Guelph, manages 54 copies this week. Guelph should do well with the Cry containing all about the Royal City. No back numbers on hand this week, ye royal people.

Adjutant Alkenhead has 49 again to her name this week, but the presence of her lieutenant, at the ton speaks volumes for the fact of Halifax being well looked after, despite the rush and hurry connected with the Commissioner's visit. Of course, Adjutant, we shall see you in your old place next week, sure.

The forties are well represented, and will, if I mistake not, furnish a few to swell the fifties. What do you say Hill and Campbell? One and two will make two more fifties. How's that for new reckoning, eh? Most people think that one and two make three; it may or may not; it sometimes makes two, or even twenty-one, and yet, at other times, one-half; but in our booming calculation it make two more fifties. Ha, ha!

Should wives lead their husbands? That is the question. We do not call for answers to this query (especially by post). One can scarcely be said to lead where the other does not follow at all. In that case the leader is both the front and rear track of how many "clubs" can this be said in "Cry" booming? Does not thy better half's sad stir thine heart to rise up and do likewise? But, there, why this dissertation? Oh, I forgot and wandered away from my point. "Have I got one? you ask? Oh, yes. What is it? Why, Mrs. Capt. Conte, of Trenton, leads the Captain by just one copy. See?"

I pray thee, ye features of the sterner sex, deal gently with poor FOUNTAIN PEN.

SNAP-SHOT TALK

From Guelph Corps.

I think when God gives us a great blessing and we only acknowledge a little of it, He do Him an injustice, I feel this morning that He saves and sanctifies me. I don't think I ever said that before.

There is one green spot that will always be fresh in my memory. It is where I found pardon.

I used to think I should have to go away somewhere if I got converted, till I got used to it, but I praise God I find His grace is sufficient at home. I don't believe that God makes church members at a Salvation Army penitent form.

When I first put the badge on, if I met my old companions, the devil would say, take it off. Then I would say, Lord give me grace to keep it on, and praise God my path gets brighter every day.

Since I got converted I have got a lot of corners knocked off.

I used to shed tears so easily that I asked God to help me not to, but He came with such blessing to my soul this morning that it broke me all up.

J.E.S.S.C.

AUGUST, 1897.

WAR CRY RACE.

NAME.....
(Give rank, if any, whether local or official.)

Corps.....

Province.....

Sold, outside the Barracks..... War Cry's for week ending Saturday.....

Countersigned.....

Commanding Officer.

NOTE.—Fill out this Form and send it to the Editor regularly every week. Failure in this disqualifies the racer.

MISSING

To Parents, Relations and Friends:

We will search for missing or runaway relatives in any part of the globe; be friend, or assist, if possible, wronged girls, women, or children, or any person in difficulty. Address, COMMISSIONER E. A. MOOTH, 16 Albert Street, Toronto, Canada, and mark, "Enquiry," on the envelope.

If possible, send fifty cents to defray a part of the expenses. We will be glad if our Officers, Soldiers and friends will look through the Missing Column regularly, and if they see any cases which they could help us with, we would be pleased if they would do so.

—10—
(First Insertion).

1893. WILLIAM and JOSEPH LITTLEDALE and sister, now Emily Cunningham. Last heard of was living in Cleveland, Ohio. Did live on Ontario Street. Mother enquires. Address "Enquiry," Toronto.

1894. WILLIAM LAKE. Dark complexion; height, 6 ft.; age, 50 years. Last heard from Christmas, '91; was then living at Littleton, Manitoba. Friends enquire. American Cry please copy. Address "Enquiry," Toronto.

1895. MRS. HENRY LLOYD, nee EDITH CHAPMAN. Last heard from eight years ago. Was then living in Cowhill, Vt., Trenton, Canada. Her father and sisters enquire. Address "Enquiry," Toronto.

—11—
(Second Insertion).

SAMUEL BURNS.—Was a Soldier of the Montreal I. Corps. Last heard of was in the United States. Address, Adjutant Coombs, 68 Cathcart Street, Montreal. American Cry please copy.

JOHN CLARK.—Left Lindsay, Ontario, in 1870. Went to Elk Rapids, Mich., U. S. A. Last heard of was living in Indiana, fourteen years ago. Had a wife and one boy. Second wife's maiden name Frances Elliott. Mrs. L. Handley, of Seaford, Ontario, enquires. American Cry please copy.

WILLIAM and JOSEPH BRYANT. Left Kingston, June 17th, 1897. Last heard of in Montreal. Both light and fair complexion. William's height, 5 ft. 11 in.; Joseph, about 5 ft. 6 in. Mother very anxious to hear from them. English Cry please copy.

MARY JANE CARTER, of London, England. Last heard from, 1892, then working in a factory in the suburbs of London. William Carter, Broadway St., Berlin, Winnipeg, Man., enquires.

JONATHAN E. JAY. Age 31 years. Occupation, a teacher; height, 5 ft. 6 in.; left Horton Landing, Nova Scotia, June 1st, 1897; purchased a ticket for Winnipeg, B. C. Has a teacher's license for the Dominion.

THOMAS and MARY ANN MORLEY came out of Merham, near Ashford, Kent, England, are living somewhere in Canada. Son John enquires. Address, "Enquiry," Toronto.



"He's happy now he's got it."

YOU NEVER WILL BE SORRY

- For living a pure life.
- For doing your level best.
- For being kind to the poor.
- For hearing before judging.
- For thinking before speaking.
- For standing by your principles.
- For stomping your ears to gossip.
- For bridling a slanderous tongue.
- For being square in business dealings.
- For giving an unfortunate person a lift.
- For promptness in keeping your promise.
- For putting the best construction on acts of others.

[SERIAL STORY.]

AD SLOSS, Convict.

A STORY OF THE PRISON GATE HOME.

CHAPTER XIV.

At War with Authority.

Archie had now risen to the height of his ambition. He was an outlaw and a bushranger, and was at war with the Government of Western Australia. He now felt himself to be a free man in every respect, inasmuch as he was under no moral or legal restraint. He had not to learn that there is a freedom which is slavery. He was free from the rigours of the convict prison, but he was a slave to the sins and curses of his life.

He was one of the leaders of a desperate gang, who feared—

Neither God nor Man,

and this gang of ruffians held the country in terror for three hundred miles around.

Archie's first great exploit was to sack and burn the Convict Station at Champion Bay, and retreat to the bush. The prison authorities were completely taken by surprise by Archie's gang of "Forty Thieves," and the convicts were relieved of their fire-arms, marched down to the coast, and compelled, at the sight of cocked muskets, to get into a boat as the tide was going out, and, without oars, rudder, compass, provisions, or fresh water, were pushed out to sea, and left to the mercy of wind and waves.

The Convict Depot was then destroyed by fire, and the convicts left behind were "sworn in" as members of the "Forty Thieves."

Four years Archie lived the life of a bush-ranger; and at last the gang suffered a defeat, which broke its power, and finally dispersed its members, never to be reunited. The Aborigines of Australia were in strong evidence in the North-West during the latter days. The chief of a tribe had been supplying the Colonial Government with information about the location and the doings of the notorious Sloss gang, several of the Aborigines were executed by the Government to assist the mounted police in running Archie Sloss and the "Forty Thieves" to earth. Archie knew of this and was daily waiting for an attack to be made upon the gang.

"I was stationed at an outpost," said Archie, telling of the disaster that overtook them, "on the look-out for the mounted and armed police, who were getting nearer to us every day, when our comrades at our headquarters got a surprise and were all taken. When I got back to the stronghold I saw signs that a terrible struggle had taken place. A strong force of mounted police had discovered the place, dismounted and, with pointed rifles, marched in upon the gang whilst at supper."

"The 'Snake-eater' was there, and thinking he was going to be shot, suddenly lost his reason again, and, with the agility of a young thing, sprang upon one of the policemen, and fastened his teeth in his neck, and

Brought Him to the Ground,

"This was the signal for the fight. The police were slightly outnumbered, but were well armed."

"The 'Snake-eater' would have torn the throat of the policeman clean out, but another policeman came to the rescue of his comrade, and, with the agility of his own comrade, the 'Snake-eater's' head right in, and killed him instantly. That was the end of the poor 'Snake-eater'."

"There was a lot of knocking down on both sides, and several were badly injured, but the convicts got the worst of it, and were scattered at last. The stronghold was blown up, and the prisoners, in chains, were marched down to the coast."

It was a great disappointment to the authorities that Archie Sloss was not among the prisoners. It was Sloss they wanted, and Sloss they must have. But he was not so easily caught. The Aborigines pressed upon him hard, knowing that more than half of his gang had been caught.

"I must have had the heart of a lion," said Archie, when referring to this period. "It was the roughest and the most devilish life you could imagine that it was possible for a man to live through. My life wasn't safe for an hour. I never knew at what moment a native savage might not attack and beat me. I wasn't afraid



Tunes.—I Am Coming, Lord, B. J., 27;

Nay, But I Yield, B. J., 20, 3.

Thy fire, O Lord, we crave—
Sweet, sacred fire of love;
This, only this, will satisfy—
As heavenward we move.

Chorus.

Make us more like Thee,
Fill us with Thy love;
Let Thy Spirit now descend
In showers from above.

We want to seek the best—
Be channels of Thy power,
Though "earthen vessels," filled with
Thee—
And used each passing hour.

Take us, though "broken reeds,"
Mould us and make afresh;
From self set free, oh may we be
Filled with Thy righteousness!

Tunes.—Happy Day That Filled My
Chorus.

2 Dear Saviour, far from Thee I've
strayed—

Thy loving words I've disobeyed—
Thy laws defied—Thy mercy spurned—
But now, dear Lord, to Thee I turn.

Chorus.

Take me in (deport)
A broken heart to Thee I bring;
Oh, hear my cry, and save my soul,
Bid me arise, and be made whole.
(Take me in (deport)
Oh, save me now from every sin.

My sins are many, Lord, I feel;
Oh, wilt Thou my backslidings heal?
Blot out the past, restore my soul,
And make me, Jesus, fully whole.

Restore to me Thy holy joy,
Give back the peace my sins destroyed;
Within my heart, Lord, place Thy
power.

That I may serve Thee from this hour.

While now to Thee my heart I bring,
Arise with healing in Thy wings;
My all to Thee, I gladly give
And from henceforth for Thee I'll live.

Capt. E. Sims, Prov. Agent.

Try this as a Solo—Keep Me Faithful.

Tunes.—Sweet Marie.

3 When I ponder o'er the past,
I can see
How unfaithful I have been
Lord, to Thee;

To the One who led me, died,
Yes, for me was crucified,
Who was willing me to guide,
Even me.

When I should have trusted most,
A Saviour dear,

I have doubted, and have lost,
All through fear;
Jesus help me by Thy grace,
Trust Thee, where I cannot trace.

'Till with joy I've run the race;
Lord, help me.

Chorus.

Lord, help me to faithful be,
Lord, help me to faithful be;
Not on self to rely, but on Thee,
When my path is dark and drear,
And there's none to help or cheer,
Even then Thou wilt be near,
Lord, to me.

When I'm tempted to give o'er,
Lord, help me
To press on, and trust the more,
Lord, in Thee,
Thou wilt give me needed grace.

of death, only I didn't want to die because life was sweet—even the precarious life of a bushranger. I never thought—

Of God and the Judgment.

I was worse than a heathen who worships a stone god!"

Subsequently placards were issued

And help me the foe to face,
Still remaining in my place,
Keep me true.

Then whatever my battle,
I'll not fear;
I will take Thee as my guide,
Saviour dear.

Leaving hard on Thy strong arm,
Nothing then need me alarm,
Thou canst keep me from all harm,
Even me.

Saviour, by Thy grace I'll follow
Day by day;
Striving souls to win for Thee,
On the way.

"Thy but little I can do,
But the labourers are few;
In Thy strength I'll dare and do
All for Thee.

Give me courage, then, to battle,
Lord, for Thee;
To proclaim to all Thy love
And liberty.

If I trust in Thy great name,
I shall then fresh courage gain,
And rejoicing I shall claim
Victory!"

Florence M. Sole, Guelph.

Tunes.—Eaton, B. J., 167, 2; Sovereign-
ty, B. J., 229, 1; Ye Banks and
Braes, B. J., 56, 3; Stella.

4 O sinner, on life's raging sea,
There's coming on a dreadful
storm!

Where will you then for refuge flee?
Whilst on eternal billows borne?
'Unless the Lord is on the deck,
Your soul will be a total wreck.

By worldly breezes borne along,

Your way may seem serene and
bright;
But hushed ere long will be your song,
When God shall rise, His foes to
smite;

No gain for help your voice to lift—
To gain to destruction you will drift.

Our ship is bound for Heaven's docks,

Where all is peaceful, bright and fair;
Your course will land you on the rocks,
And sink your soul to dark despair!

Heave-to! don't let the ship slip!
But step on board the Gospel Ship.

Tunes.—Oh, the Lamb! B. J., 72, 3;
Bright Crowns, B. J., 59, 1; Judg-
ment Day, B. J., 63, 1.

5 I know there's a bright and glori-
ous day.

Away in the heavens high,
Where all the redeemed shall with
Jesus dwell—
Will you be there and I?

Chorus.

Will you be there and I?
Will you be there and I?
Where all the redeemed shall with
Jesus dwell—
Will you be there, and I?

In robes of white, o'er streets of gold,
Beneath a cloudless sky,
They'll walk in the light of their Father's
love—
Will you be there, and I?

From every kingdom of earth they
come.

To raise their anthems high;
Their harps will never be there un-
strung—
Will you be there, and I?

If we find a loving Saviour now,
And follow Him faithfully,
When He gathers His children in that
bright Home,

Then you'll be there, and I! Yes!
You'll, etc.

announcing that all convicts on ticket-of-leave would receive a free pardon. Archie thought that this was only a plot to try and catch him, but afterwards learnt that it was a bona-fide announcement.

He wrote to the Governor of Free-
dom, and asked, asking for a
conditional pardon that he might be

allowed to leave the colony. "No," re-
plied the Governor, "No, Mr. Sloss—
you are too bad. If we can only get
hold of you, we'll give you a reception
far more enthusiastic than if you were
a foreign prince!"

"That settles the matter," said Archie to his dozen mates. "We'll go to Fremantle and see this gentleman, and hold a dozen muskets to his head, and he'll give us a conditional pardon!" The same week Archie and the remnant of his gang came to Champion Bay, and found a small schooner outward bound for the Cape, and as he was embarking was arrested. In a few days the news was published throughout the colony that the famous outlaw, Archie Sloss, was taken prisoner.

(To be Continued.)

Central Ontario.

Dovercourt.

We have just had our Annual Harvest Festival. Sunday's meetings were led by Staff-Captain and Mrs. Hargrave. One precious soul was converted on an night. Tuesday night had a visit from Staff-Captain Hargrave and a number of his headquarters' Staff. Adjutant Dave McAmmond, who was on a message of mercy to the city, cheered us with his presence and songs—William Lewis, Captain.

Orilla.

We have just got over our Harvest Festival meetings here. We had a fine assortment of vegetables, etc., also live stock. Captain was the Ambassador, and a good one she was. The Spirit of the Lord is working among the people, and we are going in for soul-saving times. Half-Jinch 3—One from No. 32.

Hamilton II.

Captain Brooks farewelled on Sunday. He goes to Richmond Street, Toronto. His stay in this city has been blessed of God and it is in better standing all around. We who remain with him God-speed, and are going to go right on, in God's strength, to victory.—Fred Burton, Lieutenant.

Bracebridge.

We are winning. Our Harvest Festival target left away behind. The Commodore here deserve credit for the way they took hold of it. Our prodigious came home in Sunday afternoon meeting. We are going straight for souls. Must have them. Our God is helping us, and we are sure to win. Yours to follow,
J. Jones, Captain.

Lippincott.

Harvest Festival Week-End: Major and Mrs. Gaskin in command, assisted by a party of Headquarters Staff. Weather fine and open-air. Dishes: Brass and String Band; full house; three souls. Monday night, Major and Mrs. Frederick present. Selections by Staff Band. Selling of live-stock, produce, etc. Target gallantly aimed at and gained. Victory. Half-Jinch 1.
Bert J. Hoberg—Patterson.

VOLUNTEERS WANTED for a Provincial String Band. Will those Soldiers who can play the fiddle, auto-harp, mandolin, etc., and who are desirous of spending a few months in the service of God, please apply to Brigadier Read at once. Officers, too, should die on the look-out for such musicians and urge them to apply. We are in urgent need of such a string band to tour the province and thus help on spiritually and financially. Apply without delay stating the instrument played.

LOANS. LOANS. LOANS.

ANY PERSON having money to invest would do well to write to Territorial Headquarters for information. We can offer most reliable security with interest for large or small sums. Full particulars can be had from

STAFF-CAPT. SMEETON,
Albert St., Toronto.

THE WAR CRY, Official Gazette of the Salvation Army, published by John M. C. Horn, S. A. Printing House, 12 Albert Street, Toronto.